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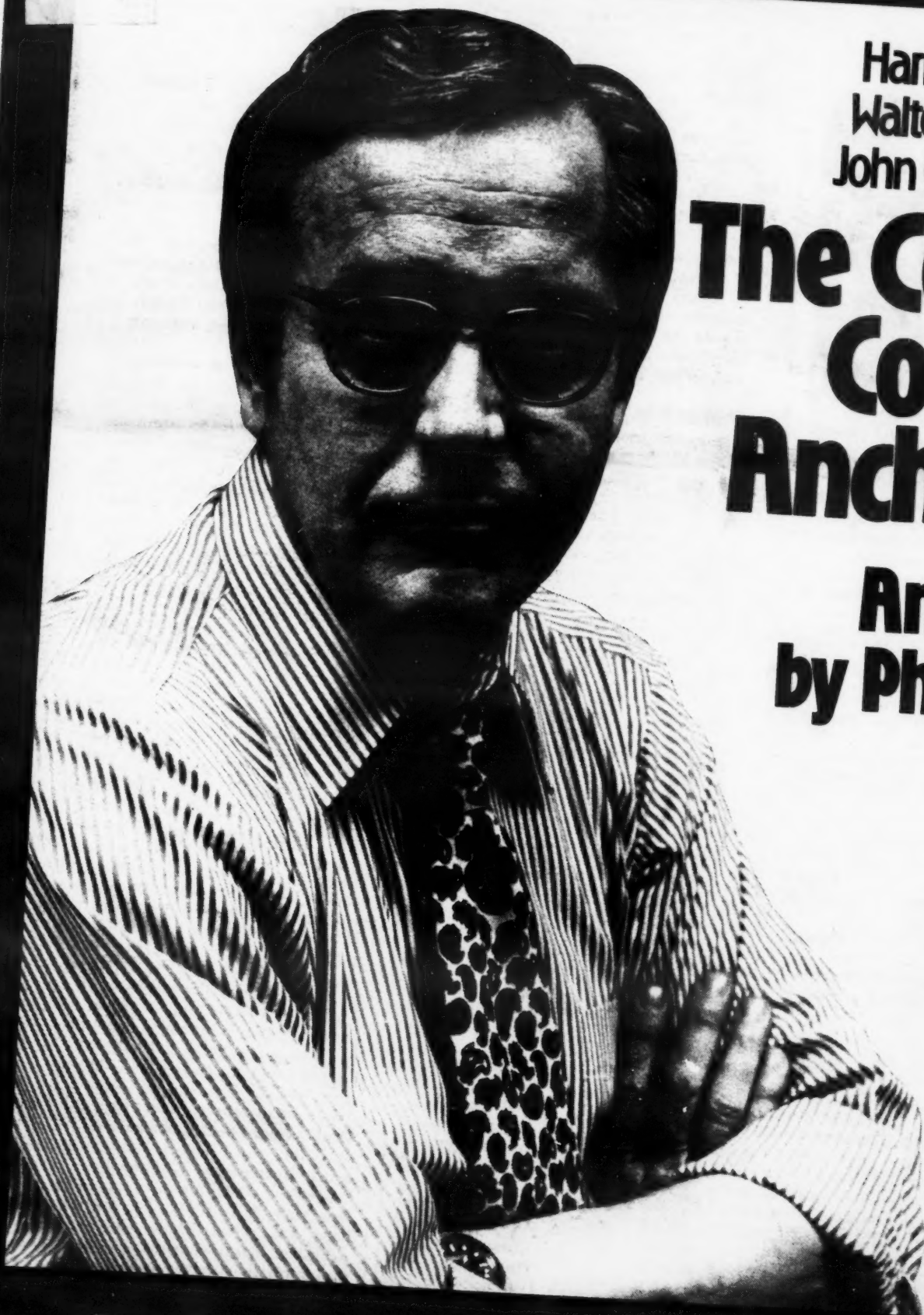
Jane Fonda and Ms.
Clash Over Film Rights
Panting After Pulitzers
Can Madison Avenue
Rescue Capitalism?

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Harry's getting Barbara.
Walter's getting old. But
John Chancellor remains

The Cool and Confident Anchorman

An Interview
by Philip Nobile



MAY 1976

[MORE]

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The chairman of Citibank takes the media to task for its persistent negativism and suggests that if Abraham Lincoln were in the White House today he wouldn't stand a chance of getting fair treatment.

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LETTERS

Unfortunate Choice

In your March issue story on the National News Council ["Who's Afraid of the NNC?"], writer David Rubin stated that "It has lobbied against the fairness doctrine as an unfair restraint on the freedom of the broadcast media." This may be wishful thinking on the part of the writer. But in truth, the National News Council is coded by the Internal Revenue Service a 501 (c) 3 charitable/educational organization, a tax status which prohibits the NNC from lobbying.

The National News Council has never lobbied against the fairness doctrine or any legislation (such as S.2) dedicated to its abolishment. Neither has the National News Council participated in any FCC rulemakings or congressional Subcommittee of Communications hearings on the fairness doctrine.

—Joyce Snyder

Co-coordinator, Media Task Force
 National Organization of Women
 New York, N.Y.

David Rubin replies: Snyder is correct. "Lobbied" was an unfortunate choice of verb. I should have said that in its decisions on complaints the NNC has argued for wide open debate of controversial issues in broadcasting without fear of the fairness doctrine.

Peterkin's Judgment?

There are several factual errors in James M. Perry's article on Consumers Union's dispute with the Periodical Press Galleries of Congress [Hellbox—March 1976]. First, Mr. Perry states that "Consumers Union is a lobbying group." In fact, neither Consumers Union nor its correspondents lobby, and the Court explicitly so found in the case.

Second, Mr. Perry attributes to me the observation that the case was "a stunning victory for the correspondents." I said nothing of the sort. In fact, their victory is singularly limited and technical in nature. The legal situation, as it now stands, is that the correspondents association has "flouted" (the District Court's term) our First Amendment rights, but we cannot sue it to vindicate those rights because of the Constitutional immunity from suit enjoyed by members of Congress. Rather than constituting "a stunning victory for the correspondents," this result compounds their disgrace. By hiding behind a Congressional immunity from suit, they continue to violate our Constitutional rights (and those of *Science* magazine) and call into question their own journalistic independence from the Congress.

Finally (to update a point made by Mr. Perry), in the more than five months since the "special committee," chaired by Mr. MacNeil, was appointed to review the disputed rule, the committee (as of March 8, 1976) has not yet met.

—Peter H. Schuck

Director, Washington Office
 Consumers Union
 Washington, D.C.

James Perry replies: I did not say in my manuscript that Consumers Union is a

lobbying group. What I did say—and what got telescoped in the editing process—was that "people from Consumers Union frequently appear on the Hill to testify for or against legislation they believe will affect their constituency." Mr. Schuck, who seems to be in a grumpier mood than usual, did in fact say it was a stunning victory. I think he had in mind little Peterkin's judgment of the victory at Blenheim. And, of course, the committee, has not met yet. That should come as no surprise to people who read what I wrote. There is some slight movement, though. Mark Arnold continues to look for a compromise that would be satisfactory to *Newsweek's* Shaffer, if not *Time's* MacNeil.

Quarrel Of Definitions

I hate to quarrel with Nat Hentoff, and I'd let his reply to me stand, were it not for the editor's note that preceded his article last month [Furthermore—April 1976]. This said I had "maintained that some journalists were worrying too much about protecting the civil liberties of the men and women they cover." Not in a million years! What I did say was that investigative journalism is *not* a threat to civil liberties, while the attack on investigative journalism *was* such a threat.

We're in a quarrel of definitions: First, to sniff around a district attorney in hopes of a leak is *not* investigative journalism. Second, fairness is not the same thing as civil rights. Thus, when a publication publishes, say, a list of the Ten Worst Judges in New York, it may or may not be unfair to some of their honors, or to some other judges more deserving of the distinction, but it is not depriving them of their liberties. When the *Times* reports that a judge has refused to waive immunity before a grand jury, it may or may not have been unfair, but it certainly did not impinge on his rights. He's still a judge, and so are the Ten Worst.

I deplore unfairness, but like Hentoff I will defend the right of other newsmen to appear to be unfair. If we wait for our judicial system to expose and punish the wrongdoings of politicians

Liebling V

Yes, there will be an A. J. Liebling Counter Convention this year. In recent weeks, scores of readers have called and written to ask what had become of [MORE]'s annual spring rite. The answer is that we've decided to hold it in the fall in New York—most likely right after the general election in November. As in the past, we welcome suggestions for panel topics, panelists and any other events that readers think should be included in Liebling V, which we hope to make bigger and better this year. All ideas should be sent to Cher Lewis—Liebling V—[MORE]—750 Third Avenue—New York, N.Y. 10017. The date, hotel and other details will be published in subsequent issues as the information becomes available.

and other well-placed malefactors, we'll wait forever. So let's get on with our work, and with real civil rights problems, and stop confusing the issues.

—John L. Hess
The New York Times
New York, N.Y.

Time and Carter

Thank you for publishing Blake Fleetwood's article on Jimmy Carter and *Time*, "The Resurrection of JFK," in your March issue. I have been wondering how long it would take before someone raised the question of whether *Time* is promoting Carter's campaign.

The first time I saw the advertisement on Carter it occurred to me that Jimmy Carter was spending a lot of money to buy national advertising during the primary campaign. Only by reading into the text did I discover that the ad had actually been placed on behalf of *Time*. Later, I ran across the



same ad in another publication and my initial reaction was the same. It took me several moments before I realized, once again, that Carter had not purchased the ad.

If *Time* was most interested in plugging its own campaign coverage, it seems clear it could have run a single ad or several which spotlighted more than just one candidate. The advertisement, and, I believe, *Time's* coverage of Carter, have been to his advantage. Someone should certainly consider the question of whether the advertisement was a campaign contribution.

—Tom Graves
Pierre, S.D.

Blake Fleetwood's "The Resurrection of JFK" was a classical case of facile writing used for perverse reasons. The article, which broadly accuses *Time* of conspiring to get Jimmy Carter elected, is replete with unproven and unprovable innuendoes. It is crammed full of interesting "facts," which, it would seem, are designed to give the article a ring of authority, even though many of the "facts" are either highly irrelevant or completely false.

One overriding assertion is a total falsehood. There is no *Time* conspiracy to get Carter elected. *Time* is not, as the article erroneously states, "solidly in (Carter's) corner." We have criticized him when it seemed warranted, and we have also pointed out instances when he seemed to be shading the truth in his public statements. In our February 2 issue, for instance, we noted that while Carter had claimed to have used George Ball and Wilbur Cohen as advisors,

(continued on page 29)

ROSEBUDS

Shaky Foundations In Denver

ROSEBUDS to Ron Wolf, editor of *The Straight Creek Journal*, for unraveling the dubious financing of Colorado's big new attempt at culture, the Denver Center for the Performing Arts. Wolf's series last month in the four-year-old alternative weekly not only exposed the center's serious cash crisis for the first time but delved deeply into the clearly questionable role *The Denver Post* has played in the fiscal mess.

The Denver Center for the Performing Arts is a non-profit, tax-exempt foundation formed in 1972 by private individuals connected with the *Post*. A substantial measure of funding for the \$80 million arts complex in downtown Denver was to come from the Helen G. Bonfils Foundation and the Frederick G. Bonfils Foundation. The assets of the two foundations consist primarily of 91 per cent of the stock in *The Denver Post*. The chairman of the center is the board chairman of the *Post*, Donald R. Seawall. The vice president is Charles R. Buxton, editor and publisher of the *Post*. The treasurer is Earl R. Moore, secretary-treasurer of the *Post*.

Most members of the center's board—as well as the general public—had been given to believe that the two foundations were worth at least \$50 million. But in covering the local arts community last fall, the 32-year-old Wolf discovered many people who complained it was difficult to get any hard information on the center. Wolf tried Seawall, Buxton and Moore, but got nowhere. So he filed a Freedom of Information Act request to get at the foundations' federal income tax reports. Internal Revenue Service records for 1974, he discovered, showed the foundations together were worth only \$22.2 million.

Wolf calculated that the remaining construction costs on the center would amount to at least \$19 million. The foundations, Wolf wrote, were responsible for coming up with the money. But in order to do so, he maintained, they would have to sell their principle asset—the *Post* stock. Otherwise, much of the uncompleted center would have to be scrapped, paid for out of additional public funds (a \$6 million local bond issue had already been floated) or rescued by donations from other angels.

Wolf's story, of course, pinioned the conflict of interest between the center and the *Post*, and went a long way toward explaining the booster coverage the paper has given the DCPA. *Straight Creek* also speculated that the conflict might explain the different treatment accorded the city's mayoral candidates a year ago by the *Post* and its rival daily, the *Rocky Mountain News*. "Did Mayor [William] McNichols get sweetheart coverage [from the *Post*] because of his cooperation to date with the pet project of the *Post* management?" asked the weekly in an editorial.

These and several other questions put by *Straight Creek's* persistent editor



Straight Creek Journal editor Ron Wolf, left, with publisher Medill Barnes

went unanswered by *Post* officials, but others were not so shy about talking. Of the 19 directors of the center, for example, it turned out that the mayor, the governor, two city councilwomen and two community representatives said they had no idea how much money either the foundations or the center had. To help them and others out of their ignorance, *Straight Creek* published the portfolios of both foundations.

For all his legwork, Wolf's writing, like too many investigative articles in *Straight Creek*, tended to be turgid and sometimes hard to follow. Moreover, when the *Rocky Mountain News* belatedly got to the story, Suzanne Weiss, one of the *News's* best reporters, disputed Wolf's contention that the Bonfils foundations are responsible for all the remaining construction costs on the arts center. She maintained that financing for the main facilities—a symphony hall, a garage and a theater complex—is assured. However, her follow-up stories back Wolf's essential points. And in an editorial April 6, the *Scripps-Howard News* decried the DCPA's lack of candor and argued that "the public should not be expected to commit itself to further financial support until questions of conflict of interest, responsibility for future cost overruns, the true financial status and prospects of DCPA and other questions are answered."

Wolf came up with some interesting new questions—and some intriguing answers—in his second *Straight Creek* article on the DCPA. In it he explored the tax status of the two Bonfils foundations and concluded that a complicated arrangement between the foundations and the center was set up in 1972 "so that the Bonfils foundations could avoid the long-term impact of tough new tax laws passed in 1969." His article argued that under the tax reform act of that year, foundations like Bonfils had to divest themselves of "excess" business holdings. Thus, the two foundations would have had to sell most of their *Post* stock, or pay heavy taxes on it. Instead, the foundations took advantage of a loophole in the law by aligning themselves with the non-profit arts center. This ploy, Wolf maintained, allowed current *Post* manage-

ment to keep control of the stock and thus the paper itself.

Straight Creek pointed out that, as a result of all this fiscal legerdemain, "the City of Denver is now in the queer position of having vested interest in the profitability of the *Post*. If the *Post* loses money, the result is that the DCPA does without and the taxpayers pick up the tab." *Post* readers don't gain by the arrangement, either. Not only is the paper's cultural and political coverage suspect, but the link to the center drains the paper's budget. "In 1974," *Straight Creek* observed,

the *Denver Post* paid in dividends to the Bonfils Foundations more money than the paper earned. In effect, the assets of the *Denver Post* were diverted to the Bonfils Foundation and to the DCPA which needed the money for its commitment to fund part of the new symphony hall and for architects' fees on more of the project.

Early in 1975, *Post* employees were laid off, the size of the paper was trimmed and coverage of rural areas in Colorado was further curtailed.

The tradeoff is between putting *Post* profits back into a healthier paper and passing them along to build a theater complex . . .

In the midst of the *Straight Creek* series, the DCPA came to grips with the charges by having its public relations firm issue a handout promising candor on April 26. On that day, the release said, the DCPA would hold its regular meeting and the Bonfils assets would be fully disclosed.

"What we got," says *News* reporter Weiss, who attended the meeting, "was a 20-page handout that was almost incomprehensible." She said some of the figures handed out by the DCPA differed from those published by *Straight Creek*, but they confirmed the thrust of the Wolf articles nonetheless. "They didn't give us any idea of what the city's obligation would be in view of the Bonfils squeeze," Weiss added.

The *Denver Post* was out in force at the meeting. *Post* and DCPA chairman Seawall ran it and on hand to shepherd the coverage were city hall reporters George Lane and Carol Green, city editor Chuck Green and managing editor John Rogers. All that talent brought home the story. The next day, the lead on page 3 of the *Post* was headed: "DCPA Funds Called Adequate—Exceed Commitments." ■

HELLBOX



Gustaf: how safe?

Wide World

God Save The King

For the Swedesboro, N.J., visit of King Carl XVI Gustaf of Sweden, Secret Service clearance was required for all journalists covering the event. Bill Schirmann, news director of Princeton, N.J.'s WHWH-AM, submitted the name of reporter Henry Mosiello. On April 7 he was told by Philadelphia Secret Service Director James D'Amelio that the agency's check had turned up nothing against Mosiello. That was odd, Schirmann and Mosiello thought, because on the clearance application Mosiello had listed his address as Trenton State Prison.

Mosiello was convicted for the 1970 strangulation of a tavern owner with reported underworld ties. He has been at WHWH for some eight months on a work-release program and returns to the jail each night. When D'Amelio, apprised of Mosiello's record, said that he would check and then failed to call back, Schirmann and Mosiello became at least as interested in a story about Secret Service effectiveness as in a report of the King's visit.

On April 8, Mosiello walked freely near Secret Service agents, stood within arm's length of the King when he entered a local church, then sat in a church balcony directly above His Majesty. "I could have dropped a grapefruit on him," says Mosiello.

Mosiello got his story, and the local press reported his encounter with the Secret Service. "This whole thing scares the hell out of me," says Schirmann. "If that's the protection they provide for the President of the U.S., it stinks."

A Washington spokesman for the Secret Service said that in Mosiello's case, "routine name checks were made with negative results." He would not elaborate.

—JOHN A. BORDEN

Eye on ABC

With ABC's jump to the top of the ratings, things are understandably a bit on edge at CBS and NBC. CBS recently asked the Code Authority of the National Association of Broadcasters to investigate whether ABC was doing more promotional spots for its own shows than the 9½ minutes-worth allowed per hour. CBS was complaining about a particular evening in late January. After checking, the NAB said that ABC had not exceeded the limit. CBS will just have to find another way.

Screenplay By Arthur Miller?

While Patty Hearst remains elusive to salivating literary agents and publishers, another somewhat less celebrated defendant has eagerly signed up to tell the story of his travails. Peter Reilly, the 18-year-old Connecticut youth convicted of the 1973 murder of his mother, was recently granted a new trial after playwright Arthur Miller persuaded *The New York Times* to undertake a lengthy investigation of the case. In March, Reilly agreed to have a book about his life written by author Donald Connery. The two met through Connery's daughter, who is a friend of Reilly's. At first, Connery says he was wary about having a convicted felon (out on bail) in his home, but he gradually became convinced that Reilly was innocent. Connery says several publishers, including Little, Brown, are interested in the book, and that arrangements for a film version are also being explored. He and Reilly will split all profits evenly. Reilly says that all the publicity generated by a film dealing with his mother's murder would be "not at all" upsetting.

—BRIAN F. O'BYRNE



Peter Reilly



Soon after the Philadelphia Inquirer committed "treason" against poor Mayor Frank Rizzo (above), construction workers threw a picket line around the building the Inquirer shares with the Daily News.

The Crevice Of Liberty

Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo, who hasn't held a formal press conference in over two years, let go at the press in March, denouncing the *Philadelphia Inquirer* for printing what he called "garbage." The garbage in question was a satirical column portraying Hizzoner as an illiterate, foul-mouthed bigot; the issue was whether the public thought it was satire or truth.

Around March 10, Rizzo's office obtained an advance copy of a column entitled "Our Mayor Speaks," which was set to run in the March 14 issue of *Today*, the *Inquirer's* Sunday magazine. The piece, one of a regular Sunday satirical series by Desmond Ryan called "The Skeptic," was a fictional dispatch from the Mayor to Ryan in which Rizzo "wrote," among other things:

Well, if you think this administration, which is me, is gonna take any crap from some judge what couldn't find the john at Villanova law school, you got another think comin'. For one things, before we close down PGH [Philadelphia General Hospital] we gets a sworn affidavit on how your average broad's got what you call your estrogen, which is a detergent they're always advertising. Anyway, the brain surgeon down at PGH says they got too much of this estrogen in their panty hose to do your regular officer's job.

... I mean who really wants broads on the police? What about you're having a fight with your wife and givin' her

the back of your hand . . . You want some bull dyke come chargin' on your property all ready with a swift kick in the lasagnas? No way. Not while I'm mayor.

The column was signed, "Frank L. Rizzo, as told to Desmond Ryan."

Rizzo, appalled, instructed City Solicitor Sheldon Albert to persuade the paper to drop the piece. *Inquirer* executive editor Eugene Roberts, Jr., turned him down. "I thought it was satire," says Roberts. Rizzo went to court on March 13 for a temporary restraining order to block distribution of *Today*; his request was denied. Still, on March 14, the *Inquirer* ran a front-page box saying, "The column is entirely satirical in nature, and the mayor did not actually make the statement attributed to him." Frank Leeming, Roberts's assistant, says the box would have run on page two if Rizzo had not gone to court and thereby enhanced its news value.

Rizzo also filed a \$6 million libel suit against Ryan, Philadelphia Newspapers Inc. (PNI) and three *Inquirer* executives, including Roberts. "I was sick to my stomach," recalled Rizzo at a common pleas court hearing, where he labeled the column "yellow journalism" and "treason." Rizzo was particularly concerned that the public believed he was the author, and he testified that about 30 people—including his brother, city fire commissioner Joseph Rizzo—had thought the Mayor was indeed responsible.

Trying to establish Rizzo's predilec-

Ding Dong

After more than a year in relentless pursuit of America's official Bicentennial slogan, fearless muckraker Jack Anderson's search has come to an end. Ellen Harness, a 29-year-old claims adjuster from Litchfield, Conn., outwitted some one million entrants in Anderson's slogan contest with the catchy prize-winner, *Freedom's Way—U.S.A.* In return, she receives a 1976 Matador station wagon, 30 nights free lodging at any Holiday Inn in the U.S., \$5,000 from the Copernicus Society and the thanks of President Ford.

With the national identity thus defined, Anderson has declared he will not rest until he brings the slogan "into the lives of all Americans." "Together we found a slogan," he wrote on March 29. "Together let's make it ring throughout the land." Tentative plans to start the ringing include installing "national suggestion boxes" in post offices and Woolworth's.

HELLBOX

tion for the kind of talk in the column, *Inquirer* attorney Howard Kohn introduced into evidence several books and articles quoting Rizzo as using expletives and ungrammatical expressions. Rizzo spent hours on the stand denying that he has used obscenities about public figures—at least “not for publication.” At one point, referring to Ryan, he muttered, “One day . . . I’ll strangle that sucker if he comes near me.” Asked by the defense to clarify, the Mayor declined. The Mayor also denied to Kohn that he had called Ryan a “limey cocksucker” when Ryan was on the City Hall beat. Ryan said later that Rizzo had meant it in a “friendly, bantering way.”

Rizzo withdrew part of his suit on March 19 after being reassured that the *Inquirer* would not reprint the article. The same day, about 250 pickets from the Philadelphia Building and Construction Trades Council AFL-CIO gathered around the building that the *Inquirer* shares with the tabloid *Daily News*. The paper’s press run was cut by 110,000 copies, and 8,400 copies of the *Daily News* went undelivered. Before nine federal marshals broke up the demonstration with a court order at 11 p.m., two *Inquirer* photographers had been roughed up, although neither one was seriously hurt.

Despite the paper’s early pleas for help, no uniformed policeman came; the police band had ordered all patrol cars to avoid the area. “Police aren’t referees in labor disputes,” a police captain said. But the pickets had no union contracts with either the *Inquirer* or PNI. Thomas Magrann, business manager of the council, said the action was “a culmination of three and a half years of unfair treatment by the *Inquirer*.” But the Philadelphia *Bulletin* quoted “one reliable union source” who said the siege was “at least partly” in support of Rizzo’s libel suit. PNI, in fact, thought the unionists were directed from City Hall. The company filed a \$70,000 suit in U.S. District Court against Rizzo, O’Neill and the council, on charges of blocking publication.

During this period, Ryan, his wife and home were under guard for days, and he got “hundreds” of threatening calls. But he shows no signs of toning down his satirical jabs. A recent Sunday column commented on a \$30 million “suit” by Rizzo against the city chamber of commerce, which had criticized his stand on the unionists’ siege. The charge—insubordination.

—JOHN A. BORDEN

Press Party

Let city hall scandals simmer, let federal boondoggles wait—this is the Media Summer. The fun begins on July 12 at the Democratic National Convention, where about 10,000 members of the press will assemble in Madison Square Garden to greet old friends and have a few drinks.

If anyone misses the convention, it’s only because he or she has to rush off to Montreal for the last half of July.



Does this scene from the TV series “The Dumplings” make you never want to eat another one? Will NBC have to pay Jack Callaway half a million dollars-worth?

Hot Water

NBC first distinguished itself this year by spending \$750,000 for a new corporate logo already in use by the Nebraska Educational Television Network, and another \$500,000 in equipment to buy off the proud Nebraska station. But the Cornhusker State will not be silenced and has produced another copyright violation suit against NBC.

Jack Callaway, president of the Dumplings, Ltd. restaurant franchise in Nebraska, is suing over the NBC series “The Dumplings,” a situation comedy starring James Coco as the owner of an unsanitary, unpleasant restaurant. Callaway, who was granted exclusive use of the name in 1972, says the series has ruined “our nationwide reputation.” As a result, this has jeopardized plans to go nationwide by the fast-food, moderately-priced family restaurant specializing in—what else—dumplings. “Our only recourse is against NBC,” Callaway concludes.

NBC says that liability for title clearance rests with a show’s producer, in this case T.A.T. Communications, a Norman Lear unit. “T.A.T. will take care of this because NBC is a very important customer to them and they won’t let us down,” said a network spokesman. T.A.T. vice president Allan Horne refused to comment.

At any rate, “The Dumplings” has been canceled.

—FRAN CARPENTIER

The International Olympic Committee has already granted accreditation to 7,850 media representatives to cover the Summer Olympics—the largest press contingent in the games’ history. The broadcast media will account for 4,892 persons, according to the Organizing Committee. Americans will be represented by 669 journalists, with ABC-TV sending 415 employees. There will be 84 from UPI and 80 from the AP.

Next, for the literati involved, it’s off to the Hamptons for a week or two of sun and huddling with Willie Morris and Joseph Heller over *What It All Means*. Meanwhile, the technicians will proceed immediately to Kansas City to set up for the Republican National Convention, which starts on August 15. More than 6,000 media representatives are expected, estimates Michael V. Miller, director of news media operations for the convention. Nearly two-thirds of that number will come from the broadcast media, with each network expected to send about 500 people. The largest single print contingent—about 125—is expected from Time Inc. (including *Fortune*, *People* and special *Life* projects). AP will send 160 and UPI 150. *The New York Times* and *Washington Post* are each expected to send about 60 persons.

Flim-Flam Man

Rick Soll had been carving out a tidy career for himself at the *Chicago Tribune* writing poignant columns about the vagaries of life when, one day, the vagaries of life caught up with him. That day, Soll wrote a column about the last breakfast at home of a youngster joining the new Army:

The kid’s name was Bruce Mackiewicz, and he was 19 years old and in another hour he was going away. He would walk out of the white house in Tinley Park and out of his childhood.

Trouble was, that walk had been taken years ago. On May 9, 1967, columnist Pete Hamill had written in the *New York Post*:

The kid’s name was Johnnie and he was seventeen years old, and in another hour he was going away. He would walk out of the second floor apartment in Brooklyn and out of his childhood. . . .

The similarities did not end there. Hamill talked about what it was like to be 17:

It’s always that way when you’re seventeen and trying to be a man . . . They just stand there and look at the kid’s face and remember him, six years old, playing alone on the roof of the old tenement on Seventh Avenue.

Recalled Soll:

It’s almost always that way when you’re 19 and trying to be a man . . . They

just sit there and look at the kid’s face and remember him six years old, playing on the living room floor with his toy truck.

Almost immediately after the column appeared, an anonymous letter pointing out the similarities arrived at the desk of *Tribune* editor Clayton Kirkpatrick. Another copy of the letter was received by WBBM radio press critic John Madigan. Before going on the air with the story, Madigan called Soll who, Madigan reported, said he had never heard of Pete Hamill and claimed it was all a coincidence. The *Tribune* called in Soll and heard a different explanation: Soll said that he was in the habit of keeping notebooks, and that while he was a student in New York in 1967 he had apparently recorded parts of the Hamill column. Gradually, as the notes were transferred from book to book, the attribution was dropped; and when Soll adapted the notes for the fateful column he forgot they were not his own. Soll offered his resignation, but the *Tribune*, assured that the mistake was unintentional, decided instead to suspend him one month without pay.

Three days later an assistant city editor charged that an earlier Soll column about a man in the West Indies was “a complete fabrication,” according to Kirkpatrick. Soll said the column was entirely true but that he had changed the man’s name at the man’s request. This explanation “didn’t ring true to us,” says Kirkpatrick. Soll’s earlier offer to resign was accepted.

Almost immediately after resigning, Soll married Pamela Zekman, a member of the *Tribune*’s Pulitzer-Prize-winning investigative task force, and the couple left for a honeymoon in Mexico. In the meantime, an unusual signed column by Kirkpatrick appeared under the headline “The Painful Departure of a Talented Young Columnist.” Kirkpatrick told the



Kirkpatrick: “didn’t ring true”

whole story to a largely unsuspecting readership, concluding, “We condemn deception in others; we cannot accept it among our own without penalty.” Kirkpatrick says he wrote the column because the subject had become a hot gossip item around town.

More fuel for the wags was provided when after returning to Chicago, Pamela Zekman quit the *Tribune* and went to work for its competitor, the *Sun-Times*.

—JOHANNA STEINMETZ

HELLBOX

Conduct Unbecoming?

The Sheriff's Office in Bernalillo County, New Mexico, was under investigation for negligence and corruption when a feud developed between two Albuquerque reporters at the same broadcasting company over how to handle the story. KOB television reporter Kathy Dysart and her boss, news director Gordon Sanders, thought the story on alleged misdeeds should not run until after the state attorney general's investigation was completed. But KOB radio reporter Leo Zani, his boss, radio manager Dick McKee, and fellow reporter Diane Dimond decided to go with the story while the investigation was still in progress. After Zani first reported the news last June 13, Dysart, along with the rest of the media, picked up the story. Dysart, who regularly covers the sheriff's office, seems to have been scooped by Zani, a general reporter with KOB only a few months.

Although the press followed Zani's lead, many local reporters thought he had jumped in too hard and too fast, before thoroughly checking his information; indeed, KOB later had to retract several statements on the air. As a result, Zani and McKee's political motives were called into question. At the time, McKee was a Republican County Commissioner on record for wanting to merge the sheriff's office with the city police department. Zani had formerly worked on the press staffs of Rep. Manuel Lujan (R-N.M.), former Sen. Edward J. Gurney (R-Fla.) and former President Nixon. Zani has denied any political motivations and says he was only reporting what the rest of the Albuquerque press corps should have reported months earlier.

Sheriff Joe Wilson filed a \$5.5 million libel suit against Zani, McKee, Dimond and the Hubbard Broadcasting Company that owns KOB. Soon after, Wilson was indicted and on Jan. 12 was brought to trial on negligence charges. Although the sheriff had a suit pending against him, Zani was nonetheless assigned by KOB to cover the trial. He was only pulled off the story after it became evident that he would be called as a witness. As a prospective witness, Zani was also excluded from the courtroom by an order of the judge.

During a night session of the trial, however, the intrepid Zani was seen crouched below the window of the courtroom door, which was slightly ajar. At that time, the court was hearing testimony concerning an investigation by the sheriff into Zani's background. One of the four people who saw the courtroom door ajar was Dysart. She passed a note to a defense attorney which read, "Zani just came to the door to the courtroom, propped it open and is listening." The attorney showed the note to the judge, who immediately adjourned the trial. Zani was then ordered to show cause why he should not be held in contempt of

court.

Dysart reported the incident on the air that night, although she did not include an account of her own participation. Later, at Zani's hearing, she testified that Zani called her that evening and was "very hostile." Another reporter for a competing station testified that she, too, went on the air with the story and also received a hostile call from Zani. Zani denies the phone calls were hostile. He contends he was merely looking in the window of the courtroom door, not listening

through a crack.

The judge dismissed the show-cause hearing after one day on a technicality. But he did so reluctantly, calling Zani's actions "sur-reptitious" and "not becoming his profession."

Sheriff Wilson was convicted on Feb. 4 and his libel suit against Zani dismissed. Dysart was fired by KOB-TV after the show-cause hearing; she says it was because she had passed the note, thus drawing KOB and its lawyers into a legal to-do. Zani still works for KOB radio, but he now

faces an \$18 million libel suit filed by four sheriff's deputies mentioned in his stories. Sheriff Wilson, who was removed from office, is planning to run for reelection.

—SUSAN PERRY

Adman Fever

"Ambitious drive" is the overriding characteristic of advertising agency presidents, says a new study by Dr. Virgil Lang of Youngstown State University. Lang compared ad agency heads with Harvard MBAs-turned executives, business school deans, newspaper editors and certified public accountants. Of all these occupational groups, admen were found to be the most ambitious. They ranked lowest in "emotional stability" and "social conformity." Journalists and editors-in-chief most often viewed themselves as "sensitive to issues and ideas."

Not So Wild Life

Phillips Petroleum Co., under heavy pressure from environmental groups for alleged "deceptive advertising," has withdrawn one of its TV commercials from a proposed network campaign on the environment. The 30-second commercial, filmed in the Wasatch National Forest in Utah, showed Phillips oil production operations taking place in a "natural" environment. The scenery included a herd of elk, two cougars and an eagle. The cougars and the eagle were trained animals, flown in from the West Coast for the filming.

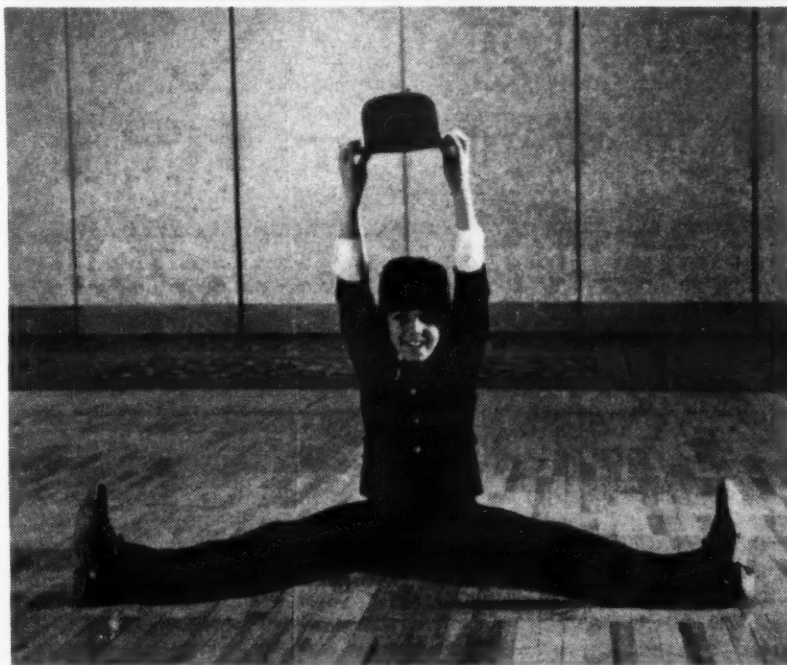
Lanie Hicks, head of the Northern Plains Sierra Club, claimed that the use of such animals in a purportedly natural setting amounted to misrepresentation. Utah's Sen. Frank Moss asked the Federal Trade Commission to investigate and to establish rules for image advertising and environmental claims. Soon after, Phillips Co. called Moss to say it was withdrawing the commercial.

Dick Craglow, vice president of the Tracy-Locke advertising agency that prepared the spot, says the commercial is being attacked by persons who have never seen it. Craglow claims the commercial was withdrawn simply because it had undergone further research to test its effectiveness, and the conclusion was reached that it not be used.

—JULIAN J. ORBON

Hughes in Arrears

Howard Hughes's Summa Corp. is being sued by the Justice Department for failing to pay a \$500 fine levied on its Las Vegas television station KLAS. The fine stemmed from KLAS's 1972 refusal to grant equal advertising time to a candidate in Nevada's Democratic Congressional primary. After investigating, the FCC found that the station had continually failed to comply with the Communication Act of 1934, and in October 1974 asked KLAS to pay a \$500 forfeiture. The fine has never been paid. In April, the Justice Department's civil division filed suit.



It was miniature version of "Chorus Line" as dozens of Boston kids vied for guest spots on the "New Mickey Mouse Club." Show-biz veteran John MacInnis (above) smiled confidently, while backstage, nervous mothers were comforted by their children.

Photographs by Jerry Berndt

New Mice

Could there ever be another Annette, Doreen, Darlene, Karen or Cubby? Walt Disney Productions thinks so and has launched a nationwide talent search for "The New Mickey Mouse Club," to be televised next year. Disney scouts came to Boston's Sheraton Hotel last month to check out 72 children, aged 7 to 12, selected from 856 who answered newspaper ads. They were auditioning for the show's weekly "Showtime Day," the day when little bundles of talent from around the country are the featured act. As the day wore on, co-producer Michael Wuerbler constantly glanced at his gold-plated Mickey Mouse watch so he wouldn't fall behind schedule.

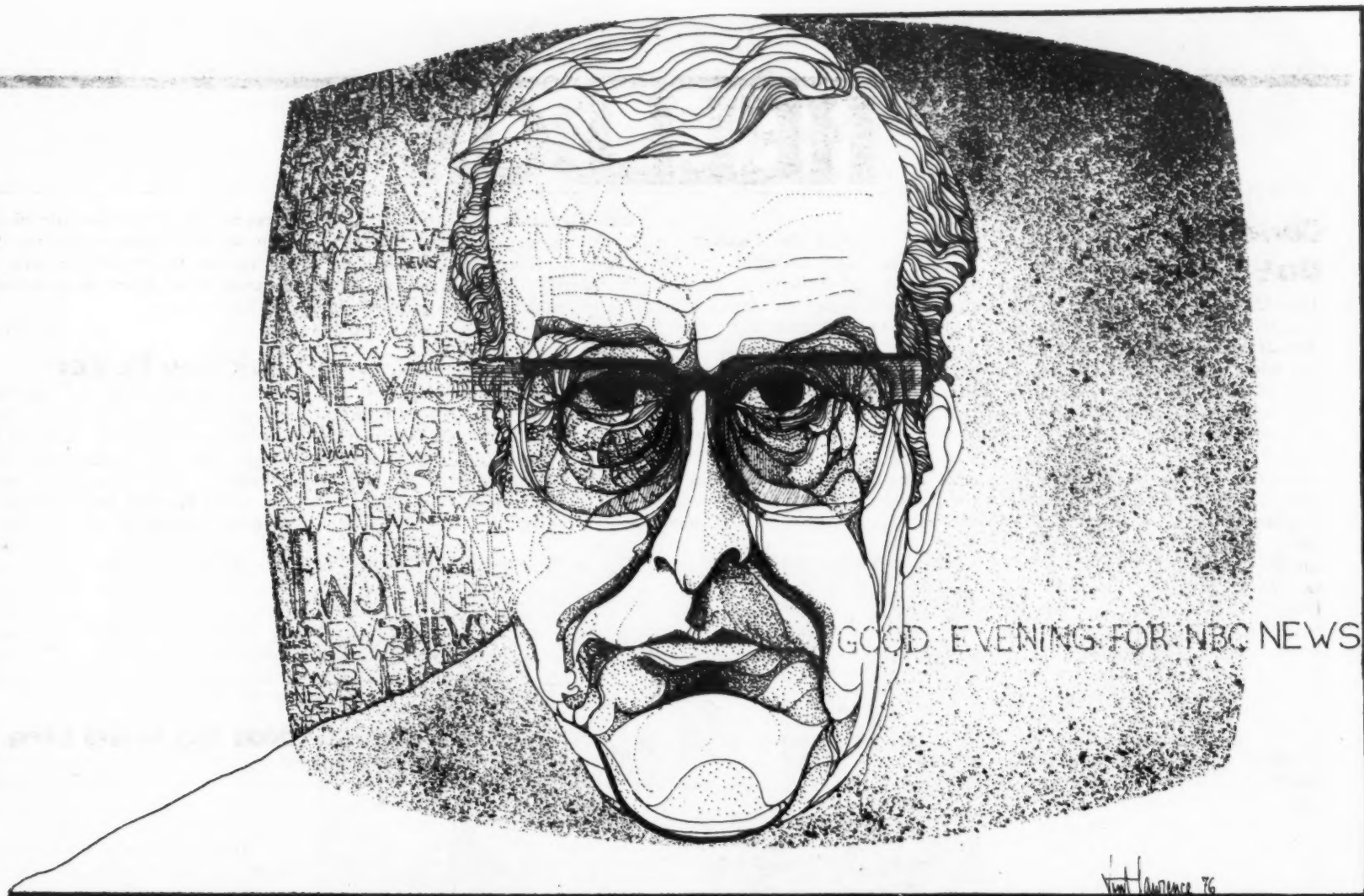
At least ten children tried to tap-dance their way into Wuerbler's heart to the tune of "Yankee Doodle Dandy." A ten-year-old ventriloquist sang with his identical twin dummy. John MacInnis danced to "The Entertainer" while wearing a Quaker hat and carrying a cane. "I've wanted to be in show biz ever since I was a little kid," said John, who is 11. "I've taken jazz lessons for three years and tap dancing lessons for four years." He was called back for another set by Wuerbler.

Reporters present received balloons, Mickey Mouse Club buttons,



stickers and pictures. The kids got nothing. Of 2,848 children who answered newspaper ads in Denver, Seattle, Boston, Cincinnati and Atlanta, 349 will be auditioned before filming begins in California next month.

—KEVIN L. GOLDMAN



Vint Lawrence

John Chancellor On The Record

BY PHILIP NOBILE

John Chancellor has passed half his life working for NBC News. He joined the company's Chicago affiliate (WMAQ) as a writer in 1950 after the Chicago Sun-Times fired him from a reporter's job during an economic shuffle. By 1956, he had graduated to convention floor reporter in league with Sander Vanocur, Frank McGee and Ed Newman. Thereafter he headed bureaus in Vienna, London, Moscow, Brussels and Berlin, hosted the Today Show and covered Lyndon Johnson's White House. Following the 1970 break-up of Huntley and Brinkley, NBC experimented with an unwieldy three-man team of Brinkley, McGee and Chancellor. One year later, Chancellor emerged as the sole anchorman of the "NBC Nightly News." Since then he has helped bring the program's ratings almost even with CBS. I spoke with Chancellor in his small but expensively furnished fifth floor office overlooking the Rockefeller Center skating rink. A large blow-up of Teddy Roosevelt on the stump is the room's principle decoration. TR is not a special hero of the occupant's. Chancellor takes to the photograph because it highlights a row of reporters sitting below the President. "They did then what we're doing now," he said, "writing down other men's words." Chancellor is as personable and easy-going in conversation as he appears on camera. He puffed indolently on a pipe while fielding questions effortlessly for an hour and a half on the morning of March 30. He interrupted the interview a single time—to confirm a lunch date with Timothy Crouse, author of *The Boys on the Bus*. That evening he would dine with syndicated columnist Joe Kraft. I once described Chancellor in print as "owlishly reserved." When I volunteered a retraction on the way out, after our talk, the anchorman laughed. "That's not so bad," he remarked. "A critic in Canada called me the Woodrow Wilson of American television."

Philip Nobile often writes about the media and his interview column, "Uncommon Conversations," is nationally syndicated.

"I like the power. I was calling up some Baptist theologians for a Jimmy Carter story. I'd say, 'This is John Chancellor.' And they'd say, 'Is that right?' That's terrific. I like that."

Your title is Chief Reporter and Writer for NBC Nightly News. Precisely what does it mean?

It means I write more than anybody else, and I do a certain amount of reporting for the show.

Does the title also include program control?

No. I suppose I have veto power. About five of us share control. If one of us decides something's terrible, then we don't do it. This comes up very, very rarely. We are all conscious of one another. When we make up the rundown for the program we all have a say. There isn't any rigid hierarchy.

Exactly what are your powers and responsibilities?

Normally, and this isn't a normal season because we're into the primaries now, what I do is I talk to Les Crystal, the executive producer, and we arrive at a consensus for the lead and what to close the show with. Then, gradually, during the day, we sort of fill in the middle. And Les always checks with me, or I go to him. Most days the lead determines itself.

Apparently, you do not have the same kind of power that Walter Cronkite exercises at CBS. His title is Managing Editor. As far as I know, he controls the content of that show.

Cronkite doesn't do much writing, but he does a lot of editing. And I edit, too. If I don't like a story that is written for the show—I get it first before Les

Crystal ever sees it—I'll push it back. We had an example of that yesterday [March 29]. One of our better writers wrote a lead to a spot from Washington on a speech that Ford gave at the Pentagon. The lead stated: "President Ford said today that he would veto any cuts in his defense budget that threatened the national security, or the security of the country." I sent that back because I don't think we ought to put an argument the President made in the program's words. So it was rewritten to read, "The President said today he wants his defense budget not to be cut." Then we have Ford on film stating his own case. In the editing sense, I think Walter and I are probably very similar in what we do. I have first crack at that copy when it arrives, and, as I said, on a normal day, I will write about half the program myself. Then it's up to Les Crystal to send it back to me if he doesn't like it.

But is that a crucial distinction? Network news still guarantees the president a daily national platform. Does this automatic transmission of presidential politics give you any pause?

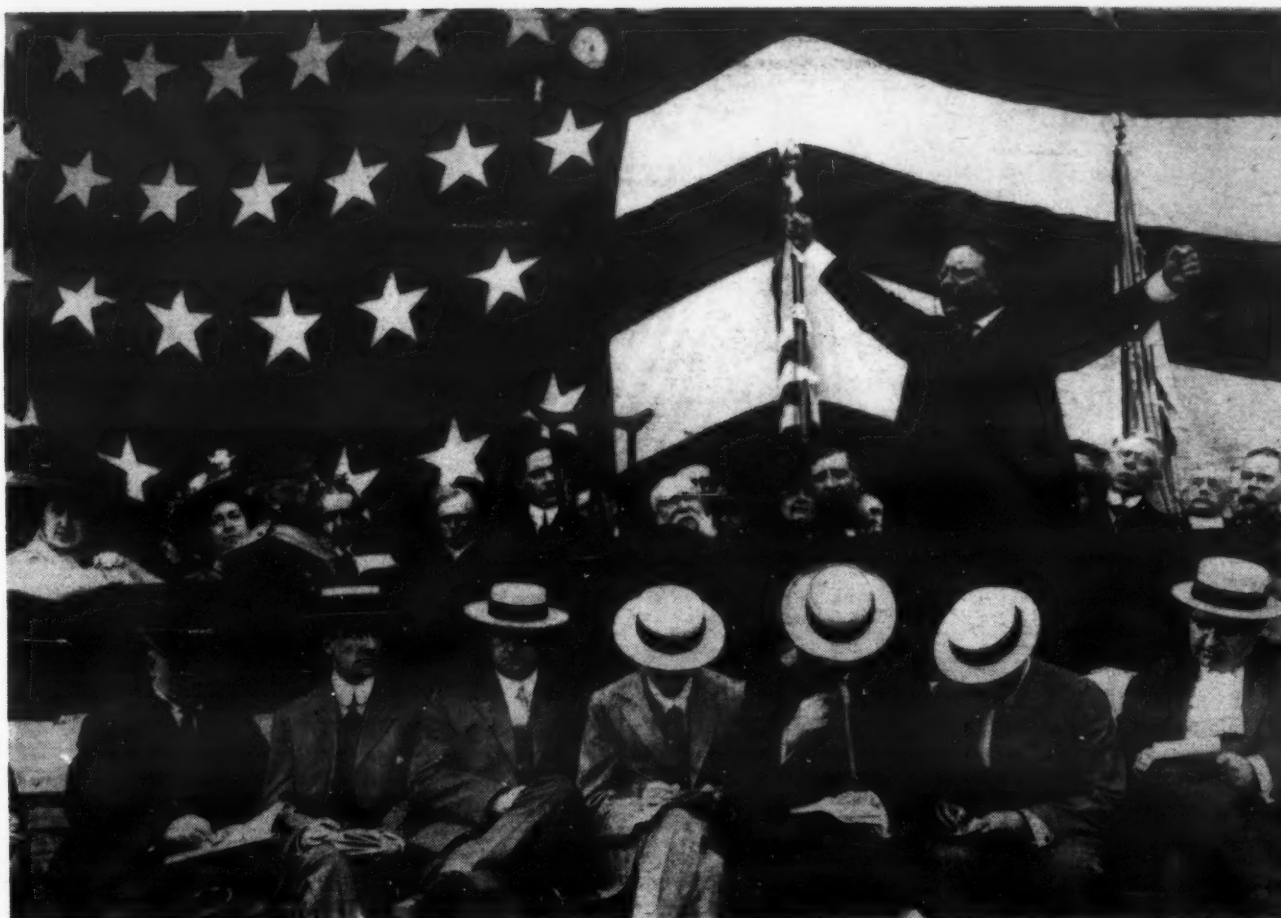
Yes, it causes a lot of reflection on my part. I wish we had a political opposition that could respond quickly and effectively, occasionally, to presidential statements. It takes Mike Mansfield a long time to reply to President Ford. And by the time he does, very often it isn't newsworthy.

Do you ever deliberately snub a presidential story for lack of newsworthiness? I cite Ford's recent speech to the Future Homemakers of America in Charlotte, North Carolina.

I was there when he made it. It's the funniest speech I've ever heard, written by Betty Crocker. Although I wasn't on the program that day, I don't think we carried anything on that silly little speech. My tendency is to spike those stories when I can.

Do you mind not having complete direction, final cut?

Not in the least. You might check to see just what kind of detailed control Walter has over at CBS. Les Crystal is sitting outside right now doing a lot of work on the program that I just don't do. It



In this photograph that hangs in Chancellor's office, it's not Teddy Roosevelt that appeals, but the row of reporters sitting below him. "They did then what we're doing now," says Chancellor. "Writing down other men's words."

Brown Bros

would take up my day in quite a different manner if I were to run this program—talking to correspondents, meeting with other people at NBC News, ordering stories in a specific way, following up on satellite feeds. I'd prefer not to be involved.

I was with Dan Rather one afternoon when he wanted three minutes for a Watergate story on the evening news. But his producers wouldn't give him more than two. He called Cronkite directly and got his three minutes. Is this something a correspondent can do with you?

Yeah, but not too often. They know it would begin to erode my relationship with Les if I once or twice a week came stalking in saying Jones has to have an extra minute. He's got to produce the program.

You talk rather than announce the news?

That's right. That's a way of putting it. News has become very much a part of everybody's life. And if you're going to give the news, you really ought not to be a priest who stands on the altar and says in a deep voice, "I represent the news to you, sinners." You don't stand up in front of them and say, "Behind me are all the mysteries of the world." What you do is say, "I got to the office at 10 o'clock this morning, and I worked all day, and read all the wires, and called up a lot of people. Now over there is the news. Let's look at it together. I'll be your guide." There's a big difference.

How did you arrive at this style that seems so distinguished from Cronkite and Reasoner? Were you looking for something different?

I didn't sit down here and say, Cronkite is X, and Reasoner and Smith are Y, and, therefore, I've got to dye my hair green. I just am not an oracular type. I would feel uncomfortable intoning the news in that way, and so, by bits and pieces, we have put together a kind of style that does not overwhelm, that treats the audience as they are—pretty intelligent people who want to know what the news is.

Can you tell me something about your own daily schedule? When does an anchorman rise?

Well, when the *Times* and *The Washington Post* hit the door at 7 A.M., I am there. If I don't read these papers at home, then I am stuck because I don't get a chance to do them that carefully during the day. I go through several other papers at the office—*The Wall Street Journal*, the *New York News*, and various out-of-town papers.

I want to see how the papers treated the news that we handled the night before. Sometimes I'm elated and sometimes I feel terrible frustration that their judgment was better than ours. The minute

I'm through with the papers I start thinking about what I'm going to do that night.

What time of day do you turn to your typewriter and write?

Too late. We have two meetings—one at noon, when we see where we stand, order some art work, and begin to pull ourselves together. After lunch, I go through the wire copy. We meet again at about 3:00 or 3:15 and go until 4:00. I usually start writing at around 5:00. But by that time the mental part of the writing has been done. I've organized the copy by speaking to correspondents, and maybe made a couple of telephone calls of my own. So that when I sit down to type, it goes fairly swiftly. I write from around 5:00 until around 6:20, or 6:25. Then we go on the air at 6:30.

You're composing that close to show time?

Yes. Always.

Without any rehearsal?

Oh no. Never rehearse. Just walk in there and do it.

You go on without reading over your copy out loud?

Yeah. Sure. But I've edited that copy. I'm familiar with it. I've underlined it and drawn red boxes around key words. My stuff I read aloud at the typewriter. So in a sense I do the rehearsing at my desk. When I see it on a prompter, as well as in hand copy, I pretty well know what that story is supposed to say. I couldn't be very effective if I didn't.

How many suits do you wear on camera?

If you watch carefully, I wear about four or five suits. And I don't get to take them off my tax. The IRS ruled that you would not normally go naked to work. Since you would have to wear some kind of clothing anyway, you can't deduct suits.

How much satisfaction do you gain from writing those 30-second lead-ins?

A lot. It's hard to express. But there is considerable satisfaction in compressing a big important story and reducing it to its simplest points. This is editing of a very high order.

Does the news affect your mood?

That's a good question. Personally, a program is depressing when the news is depressing. For example, we had a depressing show last night [March 29]. Lebanon was falling to pieces. We had a long story on the death penalty. The Postal Service was in trouble. Last night was a kind of mirror of things that are going wrong in this society. What a depressing day. There are other days when we run an exclusive story, or something's made me feel

good as a person, or one of the reporters has done an outstanding job. Those are the times when you leave the studio feeling great. So it's a combination of the actual material and the performance of NBC News.

Since so much news is shoehorned into so little time on the network shows, I wonder if you feel that NBC is appreciably better than the opposition? Or is it simply a matter of style over content?

CBS beats us reasonably often, sometimes ABC. We're competitive, but I don't think we're miles ahead of anybody else. In certain areas we're better, and that's as it should be. Carl Stern is better at doing the kind of [legal] reporting he does than anybody else. Tom Brokaw and John Cochran at the White House are first rate. CBS has a terrific guy over there.

Competition is healthy. I would not like to see any program get too far out in front. The leading program would become lazy and the one far behind in third place would then try gimmicks simply for the sake of ratings. The viewer is best served, it seems to me, if NBC and CBS—and I wish ABC were up there too—were all within about a rating point of each other.

CBS used to be miles ahead.

Well, of course. And NBC was, too, back in the Huntley-Brinkley days. I think CBS got kind of fat and complacent and Huntley and Brinkley stole their socks. It took Cronkite a long time to get back even, and then Huntley-Brinkley broke up, and the show fell to me. We're a little behind, but not all that badly behind. I'd rather be ahead, but not too far ahead.

Do you suffer any limitations at the anchor post? Does your position restrict you journalistically?

I can cover just about any story I want in the field except certain things like Wallace rallies where people watch a lot of television, and they say, "Gee, there's what's-his-name," and immediately you're a little spectacle unto yourself. Half the crowd wants to lynch you, the other half wants your autograph. Some would like to have your autograph, and then lynch you.

But this year I've been to many political rallies and people are pretty nice. I have rationalized my situation like this: If I were the editor of a daily newspaper in a town of about 30,000 or 40,000, most people would know me. And if they had a gripe about the paper they'd approach me in a restaurant or barber shop and let me know. Well, I don't get any more attention than the smalltown



"Stop" Art

A poster punches at you with ideas and information. Short, straight jabs of words and image stop you—and you remember the message.

"Images of an Era: the American Poster 1945-1975" is an exhibition of more than 250 of the most memorable posters produced in America over the past several decades. It began a tour of major American cities last year; and on May 25 it comes to New York University's handsome new Grey Art Gallery and Study Center.

The show is underwritten by Mobil and organized by the National Collection of Fine Arts, Smithsonian Institution.

"Images of an Era" actually is a pictorial replay of America's major social concerns over the last

30 years. In this turbulent postwar period, poster-makers went to the wall to inveigh against war, fight for a cleaner environment, urge racial equality, proselytize for political hopefuls. The show also is an advertising history: many of the works were meant to sell products or services.

Mobil is proud to be associated with this extraordinary exhibit, and particularly proud that the culminating works in the show are 13 posters we commissioned in 1975 from some of America's most gifted artists as a Bicentennial commemoration.

We invite you to see "Images of an Era" at the Grey Art Gallery, 100 Washington Square East. Opening May 25 thru July 8. It's a knockout.

Mobil

editor. The difference is I get it wherever I go, and I can live with it.

You were a reporter for 20 years before becoming an anchorman. Do those old instincts ever grab you these days? Do you wish you could hit the road?

All the time. All the time. And so I use the telephone a lot. If we have a story that resists explanation, very often I can get on the phone to help out. I've kept up my Washington contacts. One advantage in being an anchorman is that you can reach any official. Sometimes a secretary says her boss's in conference. I say, fine just get a note to him that I'm writing about him, and it's going to be on NBC News tonight, and if he doesn't call me back, I'm not going to have the benefit of his thoughts. They always phone back. An anchorman has his calls returned better than any other journalist.

Do you enjoy the power? You seem to wear it lightly.

I like it, I like the power. I like making those telephone calls. We were working on a story about Jimmy Carter's religion, which we put on last week. I was calling up some Baptist theologians around the country. A secretary says, "This is the Reverend Jones' office." And I'd say, "This is John Chancellor in New York at NBC News." And they'd say, "Is that right?" That's terrific. I like that.

How about the power of shaping a half hour nightly news program that occasionally beams to more Americans than any other show?

Yes. Yes. That's an affirmative answer. I think you'd have to be a neuter not to enjoy the responsibility and the thrill of having that kind of authority.

Does it worry you at all?

Well, it worries me that I sometimes make mistakes. I instituted a feature here called "Editor's Notebook" for correcting errors. I worry about inadvertence. For instance, I said the other night, because I thought it was true, that Fred Harris really wasn't campaigning very diligently for the presidency. Fred Harris's guy called us after the program and said he had two press conferences today, and he's going to Texas tomorrow. I felt very badly about that. The next night we took it back. We said we were wrong. That kind of scares you.

But there's a larger question, that is, Are we giving Americans an accurate picture of the country and the world in which they live? Perhaps nobody is competent to answer. We do our best according to the criteria of our craft. Someday history may say that we didn't cover the truly important stories. I'd like to have a vision of the future to tell me what we're doing wrong. I don't have it. So we have to live in 1976, and we do our best.

Do we see the real John Chancellor on the nightly news? Or must you suppress part of your personality?

I suppose there are two John Chancellors. The one you see on the air ought to be, if I'm doing the job right, a trustworthy man upon whom you can rely to tell you the important things you need to know, but who doesn't inject himself into the news. That's a cardinal rule with me. Academics use the word value-free. There was a *Washington Post* reporter named Eddie Folier who covered the White House for many years. He's retired now. Eddie wrote me a letter after I'd been anchorman six months and he said, you're not trying to sell anybody any rugs, and that's very good. I kept that letter. It was important to me. Do I play a role? Do I take my own personal self out of it a little bit? Yes. And I think I should.

Does that ever frustrate you though?

I'd love to have a show like Agronsky & Company that runs on public television. I watch it almost every week, because the people on there disagree with one another and are loose and easy.

Why don't you do the same format?

I've raised the possibility at NBC, and some day we may get around to it.

TV correspondents hardly ever step out of their role except during convention chitchat.

And that convention chitchat is pure gold. That stuff is marvelous. One of our unaccomplished

tasks here at NBC is what we call cross talk . . . where I talk with a reporter about a story on the air. We don't do enough of it.

The cross-talk technique seems artificial to me. The apparently spontaneous dialogue between you and the correspondent is canned.

Well, we have to have a structure, or else it's just meaningless. You also have to have a reason for cross talk. For instance, if Irving Levine has a complicated story on economics that would take us 10 minutes to explain, sometimes it is better for the audience if I say, "Irving, isn't that terribly complicated?" And he replies, "It's awfully complicated." You've told the audience something you can't really say in a formal spot. I'd like to do it every night. Maybe we should set aside a portion of the program every week for unstructured conversation. That might be the answer, but I'm not sure that's journalism. I think structure is necessary. I'm sorry cross talk doesn't work. I really wish it would. There is not enough talk on television. But there is much too much oratory.

Is there a newscasting equivalent of writer's block? Are there days when you barely manage to go on?

There are days when I have not done justice to the copy. Yes. There are also days of vile rhythms. Sometimes I have to psyche myself a little bit in that five minutes before air time. You know, get up, get interested in the stuff. But there are days when I don't.

You are not nervous in front of the camera anymore are you?

In certain circumstances. I am not nervous on the Nightly News, in our comfortable studio with my friends. We have a community here. There is a distinct sense of belonging to a family, a tribe, a group. But I'm nervous on primary nights because I have to ad lib most of that copy, and you are ad

Chancellor On Walters

Barbara Walters was recently hired away from NBC by ABC, which will pay her \$1 million a year for five years to co-anchor the evening news with Harry Reasoner and host several specials next year. Were you consulted during Barbara Walters' negotiations with NBC?

No. That was settled entirely by management. From what I've been told around the office, Barbara wanted to be co-anchor on NBC Nightly News. She was not offered that by NBC. And so she went to ABC.

Would you have remained at your post if NBC put her on your show?

Happily, I didn't have to do any soul-searching on that. NBC made its mind up at the very beginning.

But I don't imagine you would have appreciated Walters as your co-anchor.

I think I just ought not to say anything about that.

Has the star system in TV news gotten out of hand with \$5 million deals?

ABC is ahead in the entertainment ratings, not the news ratings. Barbara Walters, who's a well-known media personality, made a contract with ABC for both news and entertainment, or non-fiction. The bulk of her money, as I understand it, wasn't for the evening news but for specials. I doubt that she'd be paid more than Harry [Reasoner] for doing the anchor work. It's important to distinguish between what we might call her show business functions and what she'll be doing on the Reasoner program.

Are anchormen worth a million dollars a year?

One is torn between virtue and greed on a question like that. I know nobody's making a million a year in news. My guess is they aren't making even half that. Anchormen's salaries are large and handsome. Cronkite, Reasoner and I aren't shallow show business types. We're the beneficiaries of the competitive system.

P.N.

*Chancellor's salary is said to be in the \$400,000 range.

libbing to a hell of a lot of people. Ad libbing to an audience of ten million tends to tighten the sphincter a little bit. No kidding about that. You get nervous.

Is there anything about the job that bothers you?

Probably what annoys me most, and it's more of a concern than an annoyance, is that I don't get to say what I think as much as I would like. And I've trapped myself in this because I have constructed this person who gives you the news without adding his own personal values. I don't know how I am going to solve that.

How do you relax?

Play tennis, go to the opera. It's funny, in a political year I relax by going out and watching politicians talk.

Can you shut the news off entirely?

I think I can shut it off in tennis, in certain kinds of reading. For the first few years it was difficult. It's easier now. But I don't think you ever get completely away from it as an anchorman. There's always the tendency to turn on the radio news to hear what's going on. And when you see a story in the newspaper, if you're in a job like mine, you tend to say, What can we do about that? How can we handle that? Have we done that properly?

What do you do on weekends?

I spend time with my kids. Last weekend we went to a friend's house and played the Paul Robeson recorded version of *Othello*. I'm going to read Anthony Powell's twelfth volume of the *Dance to the Music of Time* series this weekend.

Are you partial to fiction or non-fiction?

I like mysteries. But a certain amount of non-fiction is must reading. And you can figure out for yourself what that would be. I'm going to have to read *The Final Days* by Woodward and Bernstein. I read some of the Nixon books that are coming out, because I was so deeply involved in that story. I read some books on government and politics.

Where do you get your political ideas?

For a fellow like me, conversation with politicians and reporters is the most important input. I see *Foreign Affairs*, *Foreign Policy*, *The Annals*, but I don't do much scholarly reading.

Which columnists do you read with admiration?

Kraft, Broder, Will, Reston. Those are four real favorites. But I like Allen Otten, although he doesn't write as much as he used to. Evans and Novak. Peter Lisagor is particularly good.

Do Kraft, Broder, Will and Reston define your politics?

Well, although George Will is designated a conservative, that's not an accurate description. Scotty and Joe Kraft are kind of middle of the road. Broder is certainly more of a centrist than anything else. To that extent I think you probably could define my political beliefs.

What did you think of Dan Rather's adversary relationship with Richard Nixon?

Dan let it get a little out of hand. And Dan would probably agree with me. We've never had anything like Nixon, and, therefore, we've never had relationships between reporters and the President of that kind before. Dan's worst moment came at a press conference in his hometown of Houston when the President asked him if he was running for something. And he said, "No sir, are you?" or something like that. It was a mistake.

What would you have said?

Well, I learned at the hands of the master. Lyndon Johnson used to excoriate me when I was a White House correspondent. I learned one trick. You can always win with the President. Lower your head and cross your hands in front of you, and play the little match girl act. And Presidents end up apologizing. Johnson once came very close to calling me a Communist. I mean an alien, enemy, nasty Communist, a trying-to-undermine-my-country Communist. I just lowered my head, and he apologized. But as I say, the Nixon years were extraordinary, and they produced extraordinary relations between the press and the Presidency.

Why did you go to work for Lyndon Johnson at the Voice of America in 1965?

Against my will. I had two presidents against me. One was Johnson, who wanted somebody from

the press to take that job. And the other was a fellow named Bob Kintner, who was then president of the National Broadcasting Company and was anxious to do Johnson a favor. I tried to get NBC to back me up because I wasn't interested in the appointment. But NBC didn't support me at all. Bob Kintner insisted. In retrospect I'm glad I did it, but I certainly wasn't happy when it happened.

Weren't you concerned by this collusion between the two presidents? Why would Kintner want to do Johnson a favor?

I didn't quite understand that at the time. All I knew was I wasn't getting any backing here. Kintner would say it would be good for my career in the long run. I wasn't persuaded of that. When Bob Kintner left NBC, Lyndon Johnson made him Secretary of the Cabinet. Now this wasn't connected with me. But Kintner was currying favor with LBJ. So I was lost.

You have no regrets for having been a propagandist for LBJ?

Not really. I wasn't a propagandist for LBJ. I never saw him after I went to the VOA. I was rather a professional propagandist for the United States. We were able to order stories, cover various things and convey a positive image of the United States through the Voice. They played fair with us at USIA.

How did you feel about reporting Vietnam from the government's viewpoint when many of your colleagues were reporting it from the other side?

Well, our newscasts were straight, although the commentaries tried to sell the salami, to use their term. The commentaries and some of our war features, winning hearts and minds and stuff like that, were propaganda. The news was the news. If things weren't going well for us, that was in the news. If you go back over the poll figures during the time when I worked at the USIA, the war was still fairly popular. Some of us in the USIA wrote memos, saying this war is being handled in the wrong way from the propaganda viewpoint. We were not writing moral memos. We used to cook up all kinds of plans to negotiate our way out of the war. Looking back on some of those schemes, they were pretty silly.

There are still far too few women and blacks on network news. Why?

Because they're hard to find, because of a pattern of discrimination that our fathers and their fathers established in this country. My guess is that women are not proportionately represented, and that blacks are still underrepresented in journalism. The real revolution is occurring in local stations, newspapers and wire services where there are far more women and blacks. These people will come to us ultimately. In ten years network news would probably be in what you might call balance. As of now, we're not in balance. Also, since we're trying so hard, there is a kind of reverse discrimination against white males.

There must be one black reporter talented enough to be featured on network news. Yet there isn't.

Believe me, it is not for want of looking. We are scouring the country. Women file suit against us. The National Broadcasting Company is a profit-making enterprise concerned with its image. And they have not been able to solve this problem.

For a network that spent a half-million on a logo, it's incredible that you cannot discover a single black correspondent.

If we'd taken the logo money and used it for a minority talent office, I'm not sure we could have found them because I'm not certain they exist. On a network level, they are extremely hard to locate. What NBC refuses to do, unlike local stations around the country, is put some poor unqualified black on the air and then say privately that so-and-so is terrible but we've got to have him or her on. I know that's happened.

More important than image is a balance of editorial attitudes. What minority views are expressed at the producer's level at NBC News? When I came in here this morning I noticed a sea of white faces in the newsroom.

We have a black writer, but probably most editorial judgments are made by whites. However,

I don't believe the networks have a bad record in covering race and social injustice. These stories are not undercovered.

You once remarked that "reporters of my generation are journalists who happen to be in TV." Do you worry about this new generation of instant electronic journalists?

I'm less worried now than I used to be. I was worried for a long time because I thought that youth should have experience in print first. I went to school in journalism at a newspaper called the *Chicago Sun-Times*. I was a copy boy, then city desk assistant and a young reporter. The desk challenged everything we wrote. We had to get those middle initials down and the addresses straight, or they'd really chew us out. I felt that people coming up through television had a different value system. To some degree I think that's still true. But we have people like John Hart, Tom Pettit and Tom Brokaw, who probably never worked for newspapers. These guys are convincing me that they are stand-up reporters. They are quite good. I would trust my reputation to them.

But I still tell young people to work on a newspaper first. If they want to make the move later, they can. You ought to have a respect for the language, that's the beginning of journalism to me.

Presence is an extra-journalistic requisite for TV correspondents. Which comes first, the talent or the face?

A. J. Liebling would not have succeeded in television. This is just a fact of life. TV journalism is biased toward handsome people. When I started out that wasn't true at all. Reporters were picked on the basis of their ability.

When do you leave the office?

About 7:30.

Then what?

Dinner at home, hopefully. My wife and I go to some concerts, and a few movies. I have three children. One lives in California, one is in boarding school and another is at home. And she is graduating high school this year in New York. You'll arrive at this stage some day. You want to try to be with that kid because when she goes that is the last one. And then your life changes. So the family is important to me. It's kind of a place to hide.

One correspondent I know tells me he has terrible guilt feelings about his family life because his job keeps him away so much. How has this occupational hazard affected you?

I probably should have been at home more. I was away for years when the kids were young. One year when I was living in London I was gone 75 per cent of the time. Barbara and I understood the travel problem and talked it out very carefully. We always knew that father was going to be away a lot. One of the reasons that I wanted to be an anchorman, aside from professional considerations was that I would be home more. Truly.

Are you happier now?

Oh, yes. Your legs go after a while.

Dan Rather once said that he doubted Edward R. Murrow would be content in the anchor chair, that there is more to reporting than writing lead-ins. I wonder how you feel about that?

There is the reporter's world and there is the anchorman's world. I try to live them both as much as I can. But if I'm honest with myself, I'd say I live in the anchorman's world. And Murrow would probably have liked to do what I do. I have an important voice in a colossal enterprise. Being a reporter is more fun, but anchoring the news is more important. And I couldn't be more pleased being where I am.

Have you reached the end of the road professionally?

No way.

Where do you go from anchorman?

Oh, there are a million things you can do. I am 48 years old. I don't want to be an anchorman much longer. A few more years would be nice, thank you very much, but not forever. And then I can go back to being a foreign correspondent. I can get a job like Brinkley's. I can teach. I have enough of a name now that I can maybe write books and get decent advances and maybe some sales. Life really looks pretty good to me.

...THE GOOD WORD

By DAVID B. GURALNIK
Editor-in-Chief, Webster's New World Dictionary



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

This is the time of year when just about every organization in the entertainment industry is passing out some kind of award. Did you ever wonder where the names for these trophies came from?

It's alleged that when the statuette that symbolizes the annual award for achievement given by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences was first shown to Academy officials in 1931, one of them (or, in some versions, an actor or actress — Tallulah Bankhead was one who claimed the honor) remarked, "He reminds me of my Uncle Oscar."

Whatever the actual origin of the name, it has remained to this day and has spawned a number of other personal names for the awards presented elsewhere in the entertainment industry.

For example, when the television moguls decided in 1948 to honor their own achievers, a TV engineer named Harry R. Lubcke took the slang term for the image-orthicon camera (*Immy*) and modified it to *Emmy*, since that statuette represented a female figure in contrast to the male figure of the *Oscar*.

Emmy in turn gave birth to *Grammy*, the trophy awarded by the recording industry, representing the early gramophone.

Other awards also then acquired personal names, such as the *Tony* for special achievement in the theater, given the nickname of Antoinette Perry, an important theatrical producer in the U.S.

The *Edgar*, awarded for the best mystery novel, is obviously named after Edgar Allan Poe. The *Obie*, given for special achievement in off-Broadway productions, comes from the initials O....B...., transformed into a personal name.

YOU MIGHT ALSO BE INTERESTED TO KNOW...

...THAT the expression *by and by* originally meant "immediately, at once," and that where the King James Version of the Bible in Luke 21 reads, "but the end is not by and by," the Revised Standard Version of the Bible now reads, "but the end will not be at once."

...THAT a precarious situation is one in which the experimenter of it is full of prayer. The word *precarious* comes from Latin *prex*, a prayer, also the basis of such words as *imprecation* and *deprecatory*, but not of *prexy*, even though a *prexy* is often prayed to for relief.

...THAT the words *school* and *scholar* come from the Greek *scholē*, meaning "leisure." The clear implication is that leisure gives time for academic study and discussion. But business negotiations apparently intrude upon one's leisure, since the word *negotiate* derives ultimately from a Latin phrase *nec-otium*, meaning "not at ease." You will need to draw your own conclusion.

...THAT the form *gotten* as a past participle for *get* was brought to this country by English colonists, but that although *gotten* has atrophied in British usage and has become *got*, it has managed to survive in the U.S. Today, it is one of the differentiae distinguishing British from American English.

WHAT'S NEW IN THE WORD MARKET

Among the hundreds of new terms that will be incorporated in the next updating of the Second College Edition of Webster's New World Dictionary, due this summer, are such business acronyms as:

FIFO (pronounced FIEfoe and standing for "first in, first out") and LIFO (pronounced LIEfo and standing for "last in, first out"), referring to two different methods of valuing inventories. Also capturing headlines in recent months are the financial terms *petrodollar* and *bottom line*.

If the dictionary is a mirror put up to the society in which it is constructed and inadvertently reflecting much of the culture of its time, what shall we make of the heavy preponderance of such terms of violence and deception as *arm-twisting*, *tough it out*, *bite the bullet*, *stone-wall*, *bait and switch*, and *black money*, which we encounter daily in our reading.

On the other hand, a nostalgic longing for more peaceful times is evidenced by the increased appearance of such terms as *Edenic* (referring to a paradisiacal existence), *down-home* (suggesting the comfortable serenity of rural and small-town life), and *haimish* (a Yiddishism connoting the warm, cozy, relaxed atmosphere of home.)

All of the above and many other newer terms that reflect the constantly changing organism that we call the American language, will be going into the next printing of Webster's New World Dictionary.

At Collins+World, our editors are constantly monitoring the language to make sure that those who read, write and speak it continue to understand one another. Isn't that, after all, what language is all about?

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Try American Capitalism Today!

**We know you'll love it,
even if you dummies
don't understand it,
says the Advertising
Council, which has just
embarked on its
biggest—and most
dubious—campaign.**

BY ROBERT FRIEDMAN

Last year, an environmental group with the portentous name Project Jonah thought it would be a good idea to produce a public service television message on behalf of its endangered client—the whale. They approached Jacques Cousteau, who agreed to let them run the spot during one of his ABC underwater specials. The show's sponsor, the Travelers Insurance Company, liked the idea. And the Public Media Center, an alternative advertising agency, offered to produce the commercial free of charge. With all these endorsements in hand, Project Jonah went to the network. ABC harpooned back its response a few days later: the idea had been killed because it didn't have the approval of the Advertising Council.

At the same time the council was turning its back on the whale, however, it was preparing to launch its own public service advertising campaign on behalf of another allegedly endangered species—American Capitalism. The same system that had virtually put the whale out of business some years ago was itself in danger of going under. Battered by inflation, unemployment, disclosures of foreign bribes and illegal political contributions, its public image had sunk to a new low. A recent poll had shown signs of serious disaffection, with two-thirds of the public favoring basic changes in the economic system. Now, Madison Avenue, which owes its very existence to capitalism, was coming to the rescue.

The council's campaign, which began last month, is the largest effort it has undertaken since it was created in 1942 to sell World War II to America. The people who brought you Smokey the Bear and Chief Iron Eyes Cody are planning to spend \$2.5 million in production costs alone to promote the American economic system. And they are planning to saturate the media over the next three years with as much as \$150 million in donated time from television and radio and donated space from newspapers, magazines, billboards and subway cars.

The Advertising Council is a leviathan in the world of public service advertising. It is the single largest advertiser in the country, with over \$520 million in space donated by the media last year. It has a virtual monopoly in the field of public service advertising, controlling more than 80 per cent of all such messages on network television, according to one Congressional study. And it unabashedly refers to itself as "free enterprise's effective communications machine." Funded and directed by the country's largest corporations, advertising agencies and media conglomerates, the Advertising Council is the vehicle by which big business and the executive branch of the federal government speak "in the public interest." The council's board of directors has 83 members, all of whom are top executives of major corporations or large advertising agencies; no member is a private citizen or representative of a public-interest group.

Each of the council's approximately 25 campaigns every year is sponsored by either a government agency (the Federal Energy Administration is behind the "Don't be Fuelish" conservation campaign, for example) or a nonprofit organization (the National Commission on Productivity sponsors "America. It only works as well as



Sandy Huffaker

we do." Each campaign is farmed out to an advertising agency, which donates its services at cost in between selling products for its corporate clients. And each campaign has a volunteer coordinator, usually the executive in charge of advertising for a major corporation. The media, which depend for their livelihood on revenues from these corporations, are more than eager to fulfill their public service requirements by running the bland council advertisements.

Many of the campaigns the council has sponsored over the years have been for worthwhile causes. But nearly all of them have been deceptive. Take its anti-pollution campaign ("People start pollution. People can stop it.") which suggests that littering by individuals is a more serious problem than corporate disregard for the environment. The coordinator of the campaign is W. Howard Chase, vice president of the American Can Company, which makes the disposable containers that litter parks and roadsides. And the sponsoring organization, Keep America Beautiful, which is financed by the major can and bottle manufacturers, actively opposes legislation banning these containers.

Or consider the traffic safety ads prepared for the National Safety Council, an organization funded and controlled by the automobile industry. The campaign is designed to encourage seat belt use and discourage drunken driving. It's no accident that there's no mention of the major cause of highway mishaps: defective automobiles. Even Smokey the Bear's message, "Only you can prevent forest fires," is a smokescreen for what environmentalists consider a more dangerous threat to the nation's forests—clear-cutting and indiscriminate logging by paper and lumber companies. One of the coordinators of that campaign is James Montgomery of the Gulf States Paper Corporation.

Though the council's bylaws state that all its projects must be "non-commercial, non-partisan politically, and not designed to influence legislation," more than a third of the council's current campaigns—from Savings Bonds to Carpooling—are sponsored by government agencies. There has also been a history of close cooperation between the council and the White House. In the fall of 1974, for example, at the request of President Ford, the

council came up with a slogan, "Whip Inflation Now," and a WIN button, as part of what council President Robert Keim called a "campaign to rally the country behind the President's measures." This partisan venture was in clear violation of the council's own regulations and it later withdrew from the program.

The origins of the new campaign touting the American economic system can be traced directly to a speech made by Howard Morgens, chairman of the board of Procter & Gamble (the largest corporate advertiser in the country), at the council's annual dinner in 1973. Morgens told an audience of 700 business, advertising and media executives at the Waldorf-Astoria:

We practice capitalism, yet are reluctant to preach it . . . I urge the Advertising Council, other public service organizations, business itself, and all of us as individuals to do whatever we can to make sure that this miraculous business system of ours is not gradually crippled by a public and a Congress who do not understand it. We can do this only by educating the public about how this system works. This means that we must deepen the public's understanding of how well profits and the profit motive serve the public interest.

Perhaps it is only coincidence that Howard Morgens was a major contributor to Richard Nixon's 1972 re-election campaign and that Procter & Gamble's Vice President for Government Relations, Bryce Harlow, was a former Nixon confidant. But somehow, in the months following Morgens's speech, Nixon's Commerce Secretary, Fred Dent, became convinced that the Commerce Department should sponsor just such a campaign. In October 1974, two months after Nixon had left office, Dent spoke at an Advertising Council meeting in Chicago. A few weeks later, a \$239,000 grant was made by the Commerce Department to the council to begin preliminary work on the campaign. The council's first decision was to select a volunteer advertising agency. The job fell to Compton Advertising, whose biggest client happens to be Procter & Gamble.

In making the grant, the Commerce Department took \$89,000 that had been allocated by Congress for its Office of Minority Business Enterprise, whose function is to promote minority businesses, and \$150,000 from its Economic Development Administration, whose purpose is to

Robert Friedman is a freelance writer who lives in New York City.



National 4-H Forestry Award winners, front to rear: Jeffrey Little, John Pfleiderer, Melinda Hadden, Craig Jerabek, Steve Welches, and David Doherty, Jr.

How six 4-H members became the proud parents of over 60,000 baby trees

In the year 2000, Americans will use about twice as much paper and wood products as they use today. And the U.S. Forest Service predicts that America's commercial timberlands won't be able to keep up with the demand.

Our hope lies to a great extent in concerned *young* people—like these six teen-agers who won the National 4-H Forestry Award and scholarship. That's why we sponsor the awards.

Together, Craig Jerabek, David Doherty, and Jeffrey Little planted over 57,000 of the 60,000 seedlings—enough to keep a city of 16,000 people supplied in paper

for an entire year when the trees are grown.

Melinda Hadden has planted 1,200 *Christmas* trees.

John Pfleiderer has researched and fought Dutch elm disease.

Steve Welches has planted over 1,200 shrubs for animal cover. And David Doherty has built dens and brush piles for rabbits and small game birds.

Fortunately, these six teen-agers aren't alone. There are 100,000 *more* 4-H members also working in forestry. And forest companies pulling on the same team.

We've developed a Supertree—a southern pine that grows taller,

straighter, healthier, and faster than ordinary pines.

We're moving ahead on fertilization techniques. Tree Farm programs. Forest research. A Landowner Assistance Program.

Will all this be enough to keep the world's fiber supply going strong? It'll help. But more must be done.

If you'd like more information, write to Dept. 161-A, International Paper Company, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017.



**INTERNATIONAL
PAPER
COMPANY**

reduce unemployment. This reverse Robin Hoodism was sharply criticized by Rep. Benjamin Rosenthal (D., N.Y.) at a hearing last summer of his Subcommittee on Commerce, Consumer, and Monetary Affairs. "This seems like one of the most outrageous things I've heard in the 13 years I've been in this Congress," Rosenthal told representatives of the Commerce Department.

To Peter Barash, staff director of the subcommittee, the grant was a "clear case of misappropriation of funds." The contract "represents a kind of incestuous relationship that exists between big business and government policy makers," he said. Although a subsequent review of the contract by Congress's General Accounting Office held that the reappropriation of money from these funds was technically legal, it simply did not look good for the government to be caught red-handed, diverting money earmarked for minorities and the unemployed into a campaign to educate Americans about the benefits of capitalism.

At the hearings, Rosenthal, who has long been an opponent of the Advertising Council, further chastised council president Keim for getting involved in a partisan campaign in violation of his own bylaws. He made public a letter from Tom Dunkerton, a vice president of Compton and the account executive for the campaign, to Secretary Dent requesting a definition of the free enterprise system from President Ford. "It would be helpful to our cause, six months or a year from now," the letter said, "to make sure that the definition we finally use has been agreed to by President Ford."

On April 21, the Advertising Council officially kicked off its campaign with a press conference at the Ford Foundation. The first stage of the campaign is designed to combat what advertising people call low product recognition. Just as it might have handled a new detergent account for Procter & Gamble, Compton's first order of business was to conduct an extensive market survey. The results of this poll were published in a 176-page book with the impressive title, *National Survey on the American Economic System*. Its basic conclusion was that Americans are woefully ignorant of the way the economy works. But the conclusion is not exactly supported by the data. The survey is a good example of how market research can be used to "prove" pre-existing hypotheses, in this case that Americans must be ignorant of how the economy works or else they wouldn't be so hostile to big business. For example, the questionnaire asked people to define the role of the investor. "Invests money to receive dividends," though factually correct, was considered unacceptable; "puts up money to start a business" was the only acceptable answer.

Most advertising in this country, of course, leans heavily on H.L. Mencken's observation that "No one ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the American people." Certainly Compton's campaign seems to have been created with Mencken's words in mind. One 60-second television spot features a series of man-in-the-street interviews. First a businessman, then a hard-hat, a white-haired woman and a black man are all rendered speechless by the question, "Who makes our American economic system work?" The interviewer then says, "We citizens are going to have to make a lot of decisions in the years ahead that will have a big effect on our economic system. And if we don't know how our system works, how can we make intelligent decisions about what to preserve, or change." Then, instead of telling us just who does make our economic system work, the interviewer holds up a booklet and explains how you can get your free copy. (The end of the ad was altered slightly from the original storyboard. The white-haired woman was supposed to have come back on and asked, "How do you spell economics?" But the scene was cut as being too condescending.)

The print ads all follow the same pattern. One shows a construction worker reading a copy of the booklet. The headline asks: "Our American Economic System is Good. Bad. (Check one)." The text answers: "If you checked 'good' you join the great majority of Americans (about 80%) who

believe that fundamentally the American Economic System is the best in the world." The ad ends with a pitch for the booklet: "Every American ought to know what it says."

The Council has already printed one million copies of this booklet, *The American Economic System . . . and your part in it*, and expects eventually to distribute more than three million copies. On the slick cover is a bicentennial medallion resting on a red, white and blue ribbon. Inside are 24 pages of primer prose, profusely illustrated with *Peanuts* cartoons. The cartoons were donated to the campaign by their creator, Charles Schulz, at the urging of the Commerce Department. A spokesman for Charles Schulz Creative Associates said that the cartoonist felt that "capitalism's horn needs to be tooted every once and a while." One cartoon, accompanying the section of the booklet, "Ups and Downs of the Economy," shows the ever-rational Charlie Brown comforting a disconsolate Lucy: "Well Lucy, life does have its ups and downs." Lucy screams back, "I don't want any downs! I just want ups and ups and ups!"

The underlying message of the booklet is the same as that of the opening song in the film *Nashville*: "We must be doing something right to last 200 years." The text begins:

The United States in its 200 years of existence has grown to be the economic wonder of the world, bringing forth a richness from its farms and factories unprecedented in all history. During this period, we have also enjoyed a unique form of democratic government that has been an inspiration to freedom-seeking peoples throughout the world.

The prose exudes confidence. As Dean Fritchen, the council's earnest public relations man said, "We want to tell the facts and let the chips fall where they may. If people decide that the whole system is no good and want to throw it out, well . . . that's far-fetched." Problems such as unemployment and inflation are acknowledged in the booklet, but are dealt with perfunctorily. High unemployment, for example, is not blamed on corporate or government policies but, curiously, on consumers:

Remember that when we buy less than our economy is producing, eventually production goes down and unemployment increases. When our purchases increase, this demand results in business expansion and higher employment.

Sounds a little like Smokey the Bear: "Remember, only you can prevent unemployment."

A subtle, pro-business attitude permeates the booklet. On profits: they're essential because they create new jobs. On capital formation, a favorite issue of big business these days and a euphemism for investment incentives through tax breaks: government policies in other countries are more favorable. On productivity, the subject of a separate council campaign: "Our future standard of living is tied to productivity growth." The implied message in all this is that business needs more tax breaks, more investment incentives, more profits, more growth, more output from workers.

Of course, everyone I spoke with at the council, Compton, and the Commerce Department assured me that the campaign would be non-controversial. Fritchen, sitting in the council's conference room, told me: "I equate what we're doing about the economy now with what we did during World War II. It's the most important thing in the world today. But we're non-political and we're going to stay non-political." Behind Fritchen are photographs of every American president since Roosevelt. The one of a smiling Nixon is inscribed with these words: "In an age when totalitarian powers have used words and images to deceive, the Advertising Council has shown that men can use words and images to help others perceive."

In its 1973 annual report, the Ad Council set forth its goals in a letter titled, "THE UNFINISHED BUSINESS OF AMERICA." One of these objectives was the following: "We must work in such a manner that the Council is an unchallenged body in the area of public service communications." The council has sought to bring about this monopolistic vision in a number of ways. First, it has refused to sponsor those groups which it considers controversial. For example, several years ago, the National Organization of Women

asked the council to back an ad campaign on behalf of equal rights for women. Nine months later, the council responded that because of the pending Equal Rights Amendment the campaign was considered too political. NOW eventually altered its ads and received the endorsement of the council, but other groups have not been so fortunate.

A second obstacle to public interest groups is the cost of producing a campaign—the council charges a minimum of \$75,000—which far exceeds the treasuries of many such groups. Finally, there is the barrier imposed by the media themselves. Lacking the imprimatur of the council, organizations like Project Jonah or the Center for Growth Alternatives, which advocates reducing consumption and technological growth, have been unsuccessful in getting television stations to carry their spots.

Many groups, like the Public Media Center, which worked on the "Save the Whales" ad for Project Jonah, would like to see the power of the council curtailed. One of their objectives is to have the Federal Communications Commission draft new, more specific rules that would open up public service advertising to a wider range of viewpoints. This spring, the Media Access Project, a public-interest law firm in Washington, will file a petition with the FCC that would effectively break up the council's monopoly. According to Carol Jennings, a project spokeswoman, the petition would limit to one-third the proportion of public service advertisements that could be sponsored by a single organization; would require a minimum of 25 per cent of all such advertising to be local in origin; and would have broadcasters make production facilities available to local groups.

The FCC rulemaking process is likely to be a lengthy one. In the meantime, both the Peoples Bicentennial Commission and the Public Media Center are planning countercampaigns that will be more critical of big business and will explore alternatives to the current economic system. One strategy being considered is to file suit under the fairness doctrine claiming that the council's campaign is controversial and asking that networks running council commercials be required to offer equal time. (The threat of a similar suit by Rosenthal and 30 other Congresspeople two years ago forced the council to drop the WIN campaign.)

Whatever challenges its opponents might make, whatever new scandals might plague big business, the Ad Council is not likely to change its tune. The council has been singing the same jingle since 1948 when, fresh from the war effort, it turned its talents to the free enterprise system. In its "Campaign to Explain the American Economic System . . . An Aggressive Answer to All Forces Trying to Undermine America," the council wrote: "Many Americans haven't the faintest idea of what makes our system work or how to make it better. They magnify its imperfections and seem blind to its benefits. They are open to attacks on the very foundations of our system because they do not know the answers."

Two years later, having made apparently little headway, the council published another booklet, *The Miracle of America*, which asked: "Does the average American know what really makes America's system tick? Is economic ignorance one of this country's greatest dangers?" Six years, \$3 million worth of advertising and 800,000 booklets later, the council was back in print with another pamphlet, *People's Capitalism*, which it published "to meet a need made clamorous by the challenge of international communism." That booklet concluded, "The economic system and the cultural values of this country are poorly understood or positively misunderstood, even by the American people themselves."

The problems confronting "People's Capitalism" in 1956 were identified as depression, inflation, inadequate capital formation, continuing poverty and depletion of natural resources. Now, 20 years later, with the same set of problems facing capitalism, only in greater intensity, the council is back offering the same washday miracles to a public it still believes is ignorant. ■

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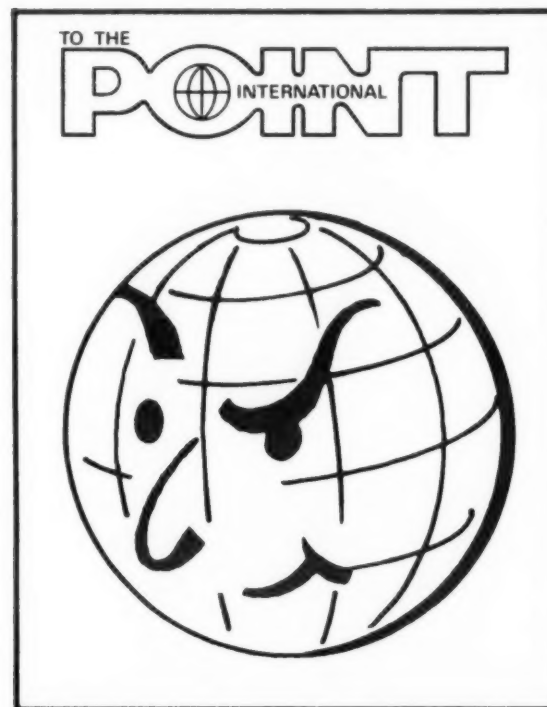
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THE WAY WE WERE

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For those who have forgotten, here is the way it used to work. The following scenes are from an 11-minute short called *The Old*

Reporter, which was produced by Thomas Edison's movie company in 1912. Written and directed by E.J. Montagne and starring William West in the title role, *The Old Reporter* was filmed at the Edison Studios in the Bronx, with exteriors shot on location in New Jersey and at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It shows clearly that investigative reporting is not quite the profession it used to be. But some things, of course, never change: publishers still tyrannize city rooms, youth is a saleable commodity, and it's tough to get a job on a newspaper.



A RIVAL NEWSPAPER. The managing editor points to the day's big story—"Famous Painting Stolen. The Masterpiece 'The Dawn' Cut from Frame in Art Gallery. No Clue." He wants a scoop for his paper. "Get the story," he tells Norris, "and you've got yourself a job."



THE SCENE OF THE CRIME. Norris rushes to the museum, where he dutifully takes down the official version of the crime from the police.



A LUCKY BREAK. While Norris is taking down the official version of the crime from the police, he borrows a pen knife from the museum.



ON THE TRACK. The scoundrels' path leads to a local saloon.



INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING. While the inspector questions the bartender, Norris peeks into the back room, where the desperados are meeting.



"THE DAWN"! As Norris watches, the desperados celebrate their success.



BACK AT THE STAR. Norris quietly sits down at his old desk and, as is his habit, starts to write his story in longhand. The new young staff wonders why he is in the office.



THE SCOOP. The assistant managing editor takes a look and reads Norris's copy aloud to the excited newsroom: "The Famous Painting discovered and the Thief Arrested. A Daring criminal Caught By a Reporter of The Star."



COPY!!!



THE TYPEWRITER AGE DAWNS. Circulation is down. On a tour of the city room, the new owner decides that *The Star* needs more young blood. He orders the editor to fire reporter Joe Norris, who is old in style as well as years.



AN END TO 35 YEARS' SERVICE. Even the city editor is shaken. Times are hard and reporting jobs are scarce.



...aking notes, the tip of his pencil shatters. ...seum guard in order to sharpen it.



AHA. Time has slowed his pace, but not his journalist's instinct. Norris observes particles of gold dust on the knife blade. He finds the same traces on the empty frame of the missing painting.



THE DEAL IS STRUCK. Norris confides in the inspector. "If the clue leads to the criminal," says the policeman, "I will give you two hours for a scoop." Thus allied, they follow the guard and see him planning a rendezvous with his conspirators.



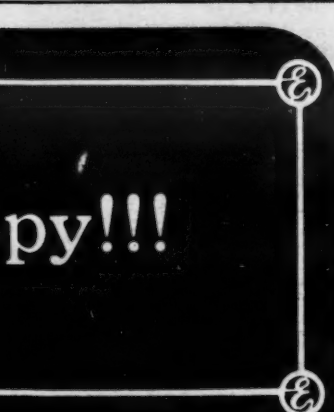
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FOILED AGAIN. Extra policemen have been waiting outside, and they corner the unsuspecting robbers. Norris leaves immediately. He has two hours to file his story and win a new job.



A HABIT OF 30 YEARS. "Drive me to *The Star*, quick!"



JUST ANOTHER DAY'S WORK. Old Norris is unaware of the excitement around him. His story completed, he calmly puts away his pencil and starts to go. The staff stops him. "But what about the boss?" he asks.



VIRTUE REWARDED. "We'll take care of the boss. You're the kind of reporter this paper needs."

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The End



Martim Avillez

The Pulitzer Spring Fever

BY THOMAS POWERS

I take it we are all in favor of honesty and candor, but even so there are times when you want to turn your head. I remember an awkward scene in Edmund Wilson's *Upstate* in which James Thurber confesses a hunger to win the Nobel Prize. He is half-blind. He has only a month or two to live. He is drunk and "throwing his weight around," as Wilson says, and his voice is almost tearful as he wonders why they can't give it to a humorist for once. It's a painful moment and more than one reviewer questioned Wilson's taste in mentioning it at all. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. But at least the old man was gone. Imagine his shame if he had known Wilson would record this revelation of disappointed self-pity, this all but craven hunger for public adulation, honor and money. Writers, and humorists, too, are supposed to be selfless and austere, as disdainful of this world as Anchorites, dedicated to Things that Matter and indifferent to the grosser rewards of success. There is such a thing, Wilson was reminded, as going too far.

Thurber's confession and the reviewers' unmistakable dismay struck me with some force. They are what I remember best about the book for the simple reason that I was guilty of Thurber's sin. I would not have been quick to admit it but at that moment I wanted—not with my whole heart perhaps, but with a damned substantial part of it—to win a Pulitzer Prize. The only people I had confessed this to were my wife and Lucinda Franks, with whom I had written the articles nominated for

'Writers are supposed to be indifferent to the grosser rewards of success. But the desire to win the prize, to cross from anonymity to recognition, is a kind of disease.'

the prize by UPI in 1971, and even with them my confessions were tentative and cool compared to the white-hot longing within. It wasn't white-hot to begin with, of course, but it got that way as we moved closer to the first Monday in May, the traditional announcement date for Pulitzers.

It has begun as a whisper one day the previous summer. Lucinda and I had been sitting near the lake in Chicago. We had been pursuing a story about a Weatherwoman killed in a bomb explosion in New York and we were still missing a lot of what we needed to know. Lucinda gloomily wondered if we were wasting our time. Worse, she was afraid we were doing the story for all the wrong reasons, that UPI only wanted a complacent cautionary tale about a young woman who Got in Over Her Head. I remember saying in effect: Lucinda, you're crazy, this is a terrific story. I argued that it was humanly rich and we were making real progress and before we were done we'd have a story which would help people see things as if for the first

time. I about three-quarters believed what I was saying. The fourth quarter worried we would never get it all.

Lucinda brightened somewhat. "Really, Thomas, you think this is a good story?"

Oh hell yes, I said, it's a great story, we could win a Pulitzer with it.

As I say, it was only a whisper at first. We had been hard at work for weeks, but this was the first moment I had considered anything but the story itself. The first moment, that is, in which I realized the story might have some . . . effect on me. Of course it had already had plenty of effect; I could think of nothing else, I dreamt about it at night. I mean some . . . practical effect . . . if you see what I mean.

The whisper spoke up in a normal voice a couple of months later, after I told the wife of a friend that UPI had nominated the story for a prize and she began to laugh. "You think," she said, "you're going to win a Pulitzer?"

"I don't say it will," I said, "but it could. I mean it's not absolutely impossible."

But she wasn't having any. The more I insisted the story *could* win the more amused she became, as if I were guilty of some harmless lunacy. I might have been trying to persuade her that house plants will grow better if you read them a little Swinburne every day. We never got to the point of laying wagers, but in my heart I was saying, *What's so damn funny?* I hardly expected to win, but I didn't think winning would contravene the laws of nature, either.

The desire to win grew. Fitful enough to begin with, tempered by a sense of the odds, it ballooned steadily. Partly, I guess, I wanted to show people, as kids do when they come up to bat.

Thomas Powers won a Pulitzer Prize (with Lucinda Franks) in 1971 for a series of UPI articles on Diana Oughton, the Weatherwoman killed in the 1970 bomb explosion that destroyed a house on West 11th Street in New York's Greenwich Village.

But the main reason was not so much a desire to dazzle as the fact that other people began to expect us to win. Not only UPI, which was proud of the articles and thought they had a good chance, but all sorts of other people—family friends, fellow journalists or editors we knew only distantly, and sometimes not at all.

It is one thing not to win a Pulitzer. It is quite another to lose when you have been expected to win. Things are somehow turned upside down. An achievement of sorts is transformed into a failure. After a while, you want to win simply in order to avoid losing. Your common sense tells you prizes don't matter and the odds are ridiculous, but your emotions begin to whisper that a failure to win is a failure period. It's your fault, and it's diminishing. Better not to have been considered at all than to lose and have to convince all those people who were your partisans that your hopes were never up; you're delighted for the winner, you really don't mind. After a while, you want to win from fear you won't be able to control the expression on your face.

All of this was unexpected, but not actually crazy. That came later, closer to the day the prizes were announced. In fact I went through this process twice because UPI had nominated me for a Pulitzer once before, in 1969, when my chances really were zero. I knew they were zero; but even so, the day the prizes were announced I began to wonder. UPI sent me up to Columbia University to cover the story, no doubt having forgotten that I was technically a contestant. Once there, waiting for the list of winners to be handed out, the impossible suddenly blossomed open like a rose. The list was distributed. I ran for a phone, eyes flying over the names. My heart was beating so fast I could hardly dial, or speak. "Are you alright?" someone asked at the other end. My answer was a hoarse croak. You ask me where all that wild agitation came from, and I ask you why is the sky blue?

An even stronger reaction occurred two years later, when I knew Lucinda and I did have a chance. I became superstitious. It occurred to me that I might win this time because it was my second chance. A lot of other things—I gradually built up quite a list—had happened to me the second time. Not the first time, don't you see, but the *second time*. This idea of things happening in twos got quite a grip on me, and the last month or so I began doing things in twos as a way of encouraging fate to let us win. For example, when I called someone on the phone, especially someone I wanted to be there, I would dial the number, wait for two rings, hang up, and dial again. If they answered the phone on the second ring I considered this evidence of a kind of tidal pull toward victory. I did not *really* take this any more seriously than you do, but I did it all the same. By the time the prizes were actually announced I was trusting in the music of the spheres and had more or less forgotten the story altogether.

I know this doesn't make sense, but sense doesn't have anything to do with it. The desire to win, to cross that mysterious border between anonymity and recognition, is a kind of disease. Like malaria, the fever comes on quickly, causes delirium, is rarely fatal and tends to recur at yearly intervals. You can't know quite what it's like until you've had it, but after the first bout it doesn't take long to realize you're not alone. Along about the first of April, temperatures begin to run high all over the country. There is a kind of Pulitzer fever at loose in the world of journalism, virulent and chronic, just as there is a kind of Presidential fever at loose in the Senate. Neither receives much frank recognition, but both explain some weird behavior.

The desire for a Pulitzer can heat up to Faustian intensity. If the Devil had made me an offer five years ago, I doubt I should have refused. The disease seems to touch only one part of the mind, leaving the stricken as mystified by their own desire as they are under its spell. They do not in the least underestimate the element of luck involved in winning; they know that there are more important things, and wish the whole business would just go away, and yet, in spite of themselves, with a persis-

tent yearning of almost sexual force . . . *they want to win*. Something in our genes or our culture or our personal history makes us this way. I could fluff up some theory involving animal aggression or the Puritan ethic or sibling rivalry to explain the pathology of Pulitzer fever, but it would be debatable at best. Let's just say the disease is part of the human condition, but not the only part. In a way, it is even the obverse of health.

In every good journalist there is a kind of angel at work, an innocent being of selfless spirit which loves the truth for its own sake. The best stories seem to require an instinctive sense of proportion, some kind of honesty, human sensitivity and a willingness to make large efforts for a small reward. *New York Times* man John Kifner's first-day story about the Kent State shootings, which he witnessed; *Rolling Stone* writer Joe Eszterhas's story about the murder-suicide of Charley Simpson; Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein's pursuit of the early Watergate stories, which involved so much rebuff and professional danger, forgotten now; Joan Didion's story of a murder in Southern California, "Some Dreamers of the Golden Dream." All stem, first of all, from a devotion to the story. No amount of documentation or literary tap dancing can disguise a lack of heart at the center of a story. It's the angel in journalists which knows this, and pursues a story for what is in it, and sacrifices itself willingly for a chance at truth, however slight or elusive.

But alongside the angel is a cruder beast, a kind of troll which wants to be not just loved but envied, not just recognized but lionized. Trolls want to know what's in it for them, and even when they're not in charge they whisper disconcerting directions and comment in the angel's ear. Not bad, kid, there's something in this for you. Your pal Joe just fell on his face, you've got a shot at it. Don't weaken now. Think of the money! Think of the people you can get on the phone! Think of all the mothers who snickered! Show 'em!

It's the angel in a journalist who writes a story of genuine feeling or insight, and it's the troll who hopes to profit from it. The mix varies. I've known three or four journalists who were mostly angel, but only one who was all troll, and he worked for television, which seems to encourage troll-behavior the way sugar promotes tooth decay. It's the nature of the medium. The troll-reward is so great, in terms of money and fame, that the angel must be of especially stern stuff to remain in charge. Among poets the temptations are not so insistent, and the angels so numerous one might be in Heaven. Newspaper reporters occupy a territory about midway between poets and anchormen; they do not starve like poets, but neither do they become household words, or the owners of fast cars and light planes. The key thing newspaper reporting offers in the troll line is the possibility of a Pulitzer.

Of course there are lots of journalism rewards, but Pulitzers are all but unique for being, in a degree, negotiable. Only a Pulitzer can effect, all by itself, a degree of sea change in your life. There are, in other words, *reasons* for wanting one. Most other prizes are genuinely tokens which cannot begin to match in practical effect the thing which is being recognized. The prize is hardly by the way, but it does less for the winner than he has already done for himself. With Pulitzers in journalism it is quite the other way around. The prize is to the work recognized, in most cases, as oil is to water. The prize tends to ascend, and the work to sink, until the former has obscured the latter, and everyone has forgotten how the eminent man (or woman) got to be eminent in the first place. Through no fault of the recipient, he is getting more recognition—not always, but often—than he strictly deserves.

Why is this? It is because Pulitzers in journalism keep good company. First, they are the only prizes widely recognized by name in this country, with one exception. The exception, of course, is the Nobel Prize. Fate has so arranged things that Pulitzers will share some of the lustre of Nobel Prizes for the simple reason that people have heard of them. Who ever heard of the Jurzykowski Foundation awards, the Devins Award, the Sidney Hilman Prize, the Jules F. Landry Award, the Mar-

jorie Peabody Waite Award, the FIT International Translation Prize, the Melville Cane Award, the Emerson-Thoreau Medal or the W.D. Weatherford Award? All are given only for substantial literary achievements, books of unusual quality or, in the case of the Emerson-Thoreau Medal, for a whole lifetime of literary work. They are at least as hard to win as a Pulitzer in National Reporting, and they require a hell of a lot more work, but they do not confer an equal degree of recognition. A Jurzykowski Foundation Award will not turn any heads even at so serious an institution as Yale University, but a Pulitzer will. My point is that you can hardly begin to compare Albert Einstein or Albert Schweitzer with someone who has spent two months on a story without disgracing himself, like, well, me; and yet, without anyone having planned things this way, and through no aggrandizement nor overweening immodesty on the part of the winner himself, a Pulitzer confers *something* of a Nobel's lustre, and that lustre is useful. Everybody *knows* they are not the same and yet they are widely accepted as being somehow in the same general category. In a similar way, winners of Pulitzers for journalism benefit from the fact that perhaps half the Pulitzer winners every year get them for substantial works such as plays, novels, biographies or books of poetry, thus lending a further air of gravity and distinction to those who won for work which, at the very least, did not take so long to type. A Pulitzer, in other words, can be a big deal in a journalist's life, providing him in most cases with a public persona larger than he would have won by his work alone; a bigger deal, in fact, than the work it was intended to recognize; and for those reasons a big enough deal to tempt out the troll in all but the fiercest angel.

Readers who have stuck with me this far will see, I hope, that my nervousness here is apprehension that I will sound ungrateful for having won a Pulitzer myself, or, worse, meanspirited and grudging of the recognition granted to so many really deserving journalists over the last 50 years. I do not, at all, want to be taken in that light, but at the same time I do want to point out what I take to be a fact: namely, that in most cases a Pulitzer in journalism represents something of a shortcut to fame and fortune, and it is a strong angel indeed who does not even hear the whisperings of the inevitable troll suggesting how nice it would be to win such widely recognized credentials, even if not strictly deserved.

It isn't maniac egos which make the incidental nature of journalism so wearing, after awhile. Reporters are at least as interested in the substance of what they do as the people they write about. The thing which wears journalists down is the fact that good reporting takes so much intellectual and emotional energy and uses it up so quickly, with such tangential results. It is impossible to write well about anything without knowing and caring about it. The trouble with writing for newspapers is that it takes a lot out of you and leaves nothing behind. News stories don't last. I do not mean only that nothing is deader than yesterday's story. I mean that the literal story itself, while a factor in its day, is thin as language and as fact. No one will read it later for literary pleasure, and no one ought to read it for an authoritative account. This is even true for most columnists, despite the fact they are theoretically one step closer to literature than reporters, just as bricklayers are one step closer to architects than ditch-diggers. Reporters start young and rise quickly, with any luck, but when you turn around a bit later, they are gone. It's not because they don't care, or get shouldered aside by younger, more talented people, or succumb to a hunger for the money in PR, or anything else of the sort. It is that the work they do demands a great deal, and produces very little. A writer can point to his books, a legislator to the bills he has passed, an entrepreneur to the companies he has founded, but what can a reporter point to? His stories? They're printed on "paper" made of chemically pulped bark and beettops, with a high acid content and the lifespan of a housefly. They aren't meant to

last, and they don't.

So it's not just original sin but the nature of their profession, as well, that makes journalists want to win Pulitzers. Sometimes they go to crazy lengths to do so. Their feelings probably get more wrapped up in the contest than, in strict justice, they should. I suspect there are a lot of journalists out there somewhere, right now, *wondering*, just as I did, and feeling more than a bit of an idiot, but wondering all the same. Partly it's human nature (yes, yes, and American Culture, too) and partly it's a professional vice. It's fun to think you might win something that counts, but it's silly, too, and everybody knows it. They say priests drink. When I consider what priests are asked to do, and what they get in return, I figure that yes, they probably do drink. Let it go.

There is one last reason why journalists want to win Pulitzers, and that has to do with the nature of the profession itself. Journalism is a great deal of fun to practice, especially in the beginning, but it is expensive. In most cases reporters pay in a great deal more than they ever take out. A lot of

journalists love the profession so much they either don't notice or don't mind its limits, and some few are so good at it they transcend those limits. But for most a bleak day arrives when they begin to sense that this is all there is.

Journalists know a good deal about this, but the general public does not. Their notions are more engaging. Back in the 1930s the popular image of the journalist was of a man in a trench coat smoking Gauloises and drinking *cognac* in a cafe while Europe plunged toward war. A few years ago it was someone in fatigues and gold-rimmed aviator glasses looking out the open door of a helicopter over I Corps in Vietnam. Now, I suppose, he's the fellow with the loose tie and a corduroy suit who knows his way around Washington, trusts no one, and puts his stories together piece by piece with something of the grim spirit of a detective on the homicide squad. A lot of reporters fit the popular image, but they aren't what I think of when I think of what the profession is all about. Then I see a pale-skinned man in his early forties, filing the UPI "A" wire at two in the morning. He's divorced, his wife has taken his children to another town and when he goes home in the morning there's nothing

in the ice box. Twenty years ago he covered the Marine retreat from the Changjin Reservoir and lost a toe to frostbite. One of his stories appeared on the front page of the *Herald-Tribune*. People wept when they read it. He no longer has a copy.

A couple of years ago a friend who was a Nieman fellow at Harvard told me that his fellow fellows all wanted to know one thing about journalism: how to get out of it. This ought to sound odd, when you consider they had already distinguished themselves and were in a position, and at an age, to get still better jobs, with still more freedom, responsibility and money. Their discontent, which most journalists will recognize even if they don't share it, was of an existential nature. It has to do with the fact that while journalism is important and interesting, it is also . . . thin. In some ways journalists are like umpires. They are in the very thick of the game, but are incidental to it. They must be fair, quick-witted, hardworking, observant, practiced, incorruptible and to at least some extent selfless. But it is the players who matter, not the umpires. They know a lot about the game, and it could not easily proceed without them, but they are not . . . in it. ■

'The Academy Award Of Journalism'

In the accompanying article, Thomas Powers observes that "a Pulitzer . . . can be a big deal in a journalist's life, providing him in most cases with a public persona larger than he would have won by his work alone . . . [and] a shortcut to fame and fortune." To find out how others feel about the prize, [MORE] put the following two questions to several winners:

After you were nominated for the Pulitzer, what were your thoughts about winning or not winning the prize as the first Monday in May drew near?

In retrospect, how do you feel about having won the prize? What has it meant to you and your career?

Jack Anderson

1972, for his columns on American policy and decision-making during the Indo-Pakistani War in 1971.

I expected not to get it. I had written a number of stories that had made the biggest splash of the previous year. I had been nominated a number of times in the past, when Drew Pearson was still alive, but we never won. Probably the most notable was the Senator Dodd exposes. The jury of editors unanimously nominated us for that one and urged the committee to give the prize to us. The committee tended to frown on our kind of journalism. I wanted to win, but I assumed that I would be rejected as I had been a dozen times in the past. So I was pleasantly surprised to get it.

A lot of people came to me and suggested I pull a Marlon Brando and give the committee the back of my hand. But I saw no reason to spit in their face. It's sort of the Academy Award of Journalism and I'm proud to have it. I don't know that it helped my career particularly. I doubt that any papers subscribed because we won the prize. We already had a pretty successful column before we won it. But I was happy to get it. It may have helped give investigative reporting respectability.

Mike Royko

1972, for distinguished commentary in his Chicago Daily News column the previous year.

I had forgotten about my nomination, as I was preoccupied with an upcoming trip to Wisconsin on personal business. However, when I was told by my son that my secretary had called with a message for me, I put things together and realized that I had won the Pulitzer Prize.

At that point, winning the prize meant almost nothing to me. I had already achieved as much recognition as I needed. I had my own column. I had a best-selling book the year before [*Boss*, about Mayor Daley], and I suppose that winning the prize was just frosting on the cake. I would imagine that for a reporter who needs a little loose elbow, winning the prize could help. At this time, journalism awards proliferate, and sometimes I believe that the awards are given out for the sake of acquiring speakers for ceremonies. There is a certain unfairness built into the awards for journalism. Often, the best leaks leading to better stories are found at the larger papers like the *Times*. Reporters there get the best shots at winning the awards. It's a matter of being in the right place at the right time, too. Plus a certain degree of luck. It's also pure nonsense that the best reporters are those who have won Pulitzer Prizes, with all due respect to Woodward and Bernstein.

Haynes Johnson

1966, for coverage in The Washington Evening Star of civil rights disturbances in Selma, Alabama, and particularly reporting of their aftermath.

As it was 10 years ago that I won the prize, I have no real memory of anticipation or excitement. Actually, I was nominated several times for the Pulitzer, the first time in 1960 for a story on the Negro in Washington D.C. I thought for sure that I'd won the prize, being so naive and young. Yet after each successive nomination leading up to my winning in 1966, I had put the thought of winning the prize out of my mind. When I did win, my greatest pleasure came from the fact that my father had won his Pulitzer Prize 17 years earlier to the day. [Malcolm Johnson won the reporting prize in 1949 for the old *New York Sun*.]

Honestly, I think that too much is made of these things. I would really like to see just one prize for reporting. But I don't think it likely that this will occur. I don't really consider myself a member of a select group at this point, as my own regard for the prize diminished after my repeated nominations up to 1966.

Mary McGrory

1975, for a series of columns on Watergate

I learned of my nomination from someone who shouldn't have told me. At first, I thought it was preposterous, and immediately put it out of my mind. I had terrible doubts and fears,

naturally, and I thought I wouldn't get it in the end. Spies informed me of the progress of my nomination every step of the way. Before I was nominated, I used to get letters from Pulitzer jury members who wrote that they wished that they could have nominated me for the prize. I was even asked to be a Pulitzer judge, but I thought I would rather win the award first before I assumed that responsibility.

Winning the prize meant everything to me. I was beginning to think that my best days were behind me, so that winning the award was the best thing that could possibly happen to me. I love the award and I wouldn't exchange it for anything. I have read articles critical of the Pulitzer, but I don't agree with them. I still believe that the Pulitzer Prize remains one award that a journalist wants most. Now that I've won the award, I think the Pulitzer judges should quit while they're ahead and just stop giving out the awards before some interloper comes along and makes off with my prize.

Patrick Oliphant

1967, for an editorial cartoon entitled, "They Won't Get Us to the Conference Table—Will They?"

After learning that I'd won, I had a tendency to forget it immediately. I had submitted several cartoons that I believed would not actually win the prize. But I included one cartoon, a sort of "Hooray for our side!" type of cartoon, just to see if my ideas about the nature of the prize-winning cartoons were true. And, as I expected, this cartoon of blindly patriotic content won. It was a cartoon which I personally was not pleased with. Yet it was indicative of the type of cartoons the judges have consistently selected. Nothing critical has ever won an award.

I would like to see the prizes administered in a different way. I believe they are of dubious value because the judges are selected from predominantly editorial positions. I would like to see fewer editors on the juries. Also, people who have won the award once should be eliminated from future nominations. The awards have prestige value, no doubt; but also value for the wrong reasons. During the years in which Watergate occupied a greater part of the news, even the bad cartoonists were drawing good cartoons. Yet in 1974, the Pulitzer judges awarded no prize for editorial cartoons, at which point, being fed up, I sent a telegram to the Pulitzer committee informing them of my loss of regard for their awards.

How To Self Publish Your Own Book & Make It A Best Seller!

By Ted Nicholas



Zane Grey, James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Henry David Thoreau, Gertrude Stein, Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, Edgar Allen Poe and I have one important thing in common. Starting with little or no money, we all achieved success and recognition through self publishing our books. My newest book shows you how to do the same thing with surprising ease!



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My first book *How To Form Your Own Corporation Without A Lawyer For Under \$50* was turned down by several publishers. Since I published this book it has already sold 130,000 copies and is still selling as well as ever!

THERE IS AT LEAST ONE BOOK IN EVERYONE

You wouldn't have read this far unless you had an interest in or an idea for a book. I believe in most rational people there is the capacity to write at least one good book, and in a few a great book. Perhaps your book might be based on your childhood, job, hobby, or marriage, or, of course, fiction. How often have you heard, "You ought to write a book," or said "One of these days I'm going to write a book"? Perhaps you've already written a book and have been turned down by publishers. What do you think the chances are of getting a book accepted by a conventional publisher, let alone achieve best seller status?

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Each year in the U.S. there are over 400,000 books written and submitted to publishers. 40,000 of them are published. Your odds are, therefore, 10 to 1 against ever getting published! Of the ones that are published, over 90% never sell out of their first printing, which on the average is only 5,000 copies. In most cases, neither the writer, who usually receives a royalty of 5 to 15%, or the publisher earns much money or gains recognition, if either is a goal.

ONE PUBLISHING MYTH

Some writers believe that writing a book is 99% of the task of selling it. These writers believe "word of mouth" will cause it to sell in big quantities. This is mythology. Any book, especially the first one a person writes, needs to be promoted and marketed to best seller status.

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- How to work with a conventional publisher if you decide not to self-publish.
- Pitfalls to avoid.
- 18 ways to reduce printing costs.
- How to determine how many books to print.
- How to get free nationwide publicity.
- How to get your book reviewed.
- How to set up interviews on radio and TV to plug your book.
- How to prepare ads that sell.
- How to get the best advertising buys.
- How to set up autograph parties.
- How to sell by direct mail.
- How to sell to book stores, libraries, and wholesalers.
- Samples of useful internal forms for your publishing business.
- Complete list of reference sources where you can get help.

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Cashing In On Karen Silkwood

BY JUDITH MILLER

A good story is a good story. But a very good story these days is far more: it is at least a book, and with any luck, a motion picture. The mysterious death of Karen Gay Silkwood was that kind of very good story. On Nov. 13, 1974, Silkwood, a laboratory worker in a plutonium production facility in Oklahoma, died in a car accident en route to a meeting with a union official and a *New York Times* reporter. With her died a report of alleged health and safety violations at the Kerr McGee plant where she worked.

Her death was a front-page story in the *Times*, and the bizarre circumstances leading up to the accident were the stuff of which movie thrillers are made. The ensuing scramble to cash in on Silkwood's death created an atmosphere of heavy competition which has engendered bitterness and hostility among virtually all of the parties involved.

Most of the questions surrounding Silkwood's death have not been answered. For several weeks before she died, Silkwood had been collecting evidence to corroborate her allegations that health and safety safeguards in the plant were often disregarded or sloppily enforced, and that quality-control information was being falsified. During her investigation, she was mysteriously contaminated with plutonium. The cause of her exposure is still unknown. On the evening of her death, Silkwood told a friend that she had assembled the evidence she needed to prove her allegations, and that she was going to turn the material over to Steve Wodka, a union official, and David Burnham, a reporter at the *Times*. The friend saw Silkwood leave a union meeting that evening, clutching a brown manila folder and a notebook. Later that night, Silkwood's body was found in a wrecked car off the highway. Neither the manila folder nor notebook was found at the scene of the accident.

Soon after Burnham's stories appeared in the *Times*, Oklahoma was awash with reporters scrambling to find the untold pieces of the episode. Among them was B.J. Phillips, a staff writer at *Ms.* magazine, formerly a *Washington Post* style section reporter.

Even before Phillips's excellent account appeared in the April 1975 issue of *Ms.*, editors at the monthly began seriously considering a book and possibly a movie. Phillips eventually signed a contract with Holt, Rinehart and Winston to write a book about the nuclear industry in which the Silkwood affair would figure prominently. Meanwhile, the *Ms.* organization began to move seriously on the film concept. Phillips's reporting and sympathetic style had won the confidence of those she interviewed in Oklahoma. She returned to the area and signed dramatization rights contracts for *Ms.* with principals in the Silkwood drama: Drew Stephens, Karen's boyfriend and former co-worker, and Karen's parents.

The contracts granted *Ms.* "exclusive rights" to Stephens and the Silkwoods' "life story as it relates to Karen Silkwood in connection with the contemplated motion picture and television broadcasts, books, live theatrical performances and audio and/or visual recordings based upon the life of *Ms.* Silkwood." It also granted *Ms.* the right, in perpetuity, to portray and impersonate the principals and to use their names and likenesses in such ventures. In return, Stephens and the Silkwoods received \$500 each and were promised another \$500 at the end of the contractual year. The Silkwoods were promised a percentage of the film if it were made, to be negotiated at a later date.

Phillips says she never asked sources to sign exclusive agreements in the course of her work before, but that *Ms.*'s attorney Robert Levine had told her they were standard in the film industry. Levine said that such contracts are necessary in order to sell a script to a film producer because no movie company wants a lawsuit these days. "The Silkwoods and Stephens are not 'public figures'," said Levine. He insists also that the contracts were

In which *Ms.* magazine, Jane Fonda, the atomic workers union and others are embroiled in the scramble for rights to film the tale of a young woman's mysterious death.

not designed to cut off other journalists' access to the story.

The signatories were not barred from talking to reporters working for daily newspapers or periodicals. However, the contracts did prohibit Stephens and the parents from discussing details of Karen's life with journalists collecting information for a book. In addition, they barred those generating television and radio dramatic material.

In at least one case, two journalists considering writing a book about Karen Silkwood abandoned the effort after learning of the contracts. Howard Kohn, now an editor at *Rolling Stone* magazine, had written a long article for his magazine about the incident. He and a colleague, David Weir, said they were trying to get a book contract on the case. "We had several expressions of interest from publishers," said Kohn. "But shortly afterwards, an editor at Ballantine told us he had heard that *Ms.* had signed exclusive arrangements with some of the key sources. That ended his interest in the book, and we realized, after seeing the all-inclusive contract, that continuing the project was futile."

Drew Stephens told Barbara Newman, a reporter at National Public Radio who covered the story, that he felt his contract with *Ms.* prohibited him from talking to her or taping an interview for NPR. "What *Ms.* tried to do was cut off other journalists' access to primary sources in this story," said Newman. "As a journalist, I think it is an outrage."

After the contracts were signed, Phillips became an unofficial clearinghouse for reporters seeking access to Stephens or the Silkwoods. Often besieged by reporters seeking interviews, Stephens admits that he sometimes used the contracts he had signed as an easy excuse not to repeat the stale answers to even staler questions once again. "I often told reporters I couldn't talk to them unless B.J. okayed the interview," said Stephens. "I knew I could really talk to any daily journalist I wanted to see; it was just a way of slowing reporters down a bit."

Phillips insists that *Ms.* had no intention of



Karen Silkwood

cutting off access to other journalists working on the story—that the contracts were aimed more explicitly at discouraging other groups contemplating a TV show or film.

Members of Jane Fonda's recently founded film company, IPC films, say that the exclusivity contract convinced them to do a fictionalized version of the Silkwood affair rather than a film based on Silkwood herself. According to Bruce Gilbert, an IPC producer, the company and *Ms.* at one time were exploring the possibility of a joint venture on the film. Gilbert said that his company knew *Ms.* had already obtained some of the dramatization rights. He says *Ms.* agreed to postpone further efforts to sign up more of the parties involved, provided IPC would halt its efforts until a meeting between Fonda and *Ms.* co-founder Gloria Steinem could be arranged. "After that agreement," said Gilbert, "we discovered that *Ms.* had arranged to meet with union officials involved in the affair to sign them up as well, before meeting with us the following week. I phoned Levine and told him all bets were off—that we believed *Ms.* had been acting in very bad faith."

Levine and Phillips claim that what the union wanted was control over the script. "They knew that we could not, and would not grant them that," said Phillips. "But they insisted. They were playing us off against Fonda's group, seeing who could make them the best offer."

Anthony Mazzocchi, director of the Citizenship-Legislative Department of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union (OCAW), tells a different story. He claims that *Ms.* was seeking the union's permission for Steve Wodka, the union employee involved with Silkwood, to sign an exclusivity agreement similar to those signed by Stephens and the Silkwoods. "We could not, of course, allow any employee of our union to profit off of the death of a union member," said Mazzocchi. "Nor could we agree to work with any single group seeking to publicize the Silkwood case exclusively," he said. "Karen's story must belong to anyone who seeks to write it, and we will cooperate with any group that portrays her fairly and honestly."

"Of course, we would have liked an exclusive contract," said Levine. "But we did not insist on it. To the best of my recollection, we were willing to sign a contract with a libel release and a nonexclusive agreement of cooperation." In any event, no agreement was reached. But OCAW has been working with the Fonda film group, counseling on health and safety factors in the nuclear industry.

The controversial contracts expired this spring. The Silkwoods informed *Ms.* after one year that they would no longer be bound—as permitted in their contract. "*Ms.* never let us know what was happening," said Mr. Silkwood. "We had felt somewhat pressured into it in the beginning, and now we just wanted out." The Silkwoods have not signed a similar contract with any other group; nor has Drew Stephens, who still expresses high regard for B.J. Phillips.

Ironically, the upshot of the scramble is that none of the rival groups is writing a book or making a film specifically about what happened to Karen. Phillips is absorbed in her book about the nuclear industry, but says the Silkwood affair will constitute only a small part of it. Levine says a film is still a possibility, but that his script writers are having difficulty with the sensitive task of flushing out the subtleties of the story. Partly because of the contract history and partly for dramatic reasons, IPC is fictionalizing its account. Weir and Kohn, though still interested in the Silkwood affair, are involved in other stories.

Ms. representatives say they never intended to hamper other reporters' attempts to cover the story and can't understand how such a misunderstanding could have arisen. "We did not want to tie up news coming from Stephens and Karen's parents," said Levine. "Only their persona."

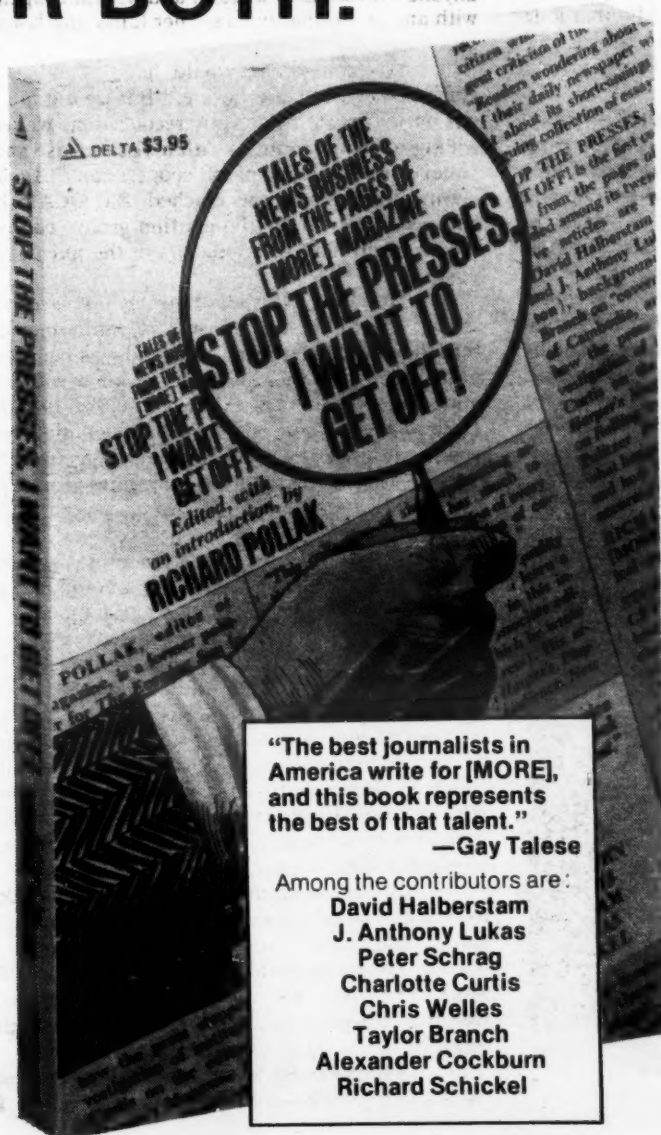
Unfortunately, in the Silkwood case, it may well have been the same thing. ■

Judith Miller is the Washington correspondent of *The Progressive*.

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THE BIG APPLE



I'm Dick Nixon For Dewar's

Chrysler Motors Corporation is darn proud of its 1976 warranty and, consumer consciousness being what it is these days, wanted the public to know that it was a policy to be trusted. So "to prove it," says the announcer in a proposed Chrysler commercial, "We asked celebrated attorney William Kuntzler [sic] to check over our 1976 warranty for fine print. He didn't find any."

Kuntzler, the colorful defender of embattled radicals who generally takes a skeptical view of corporate America, was one of several prominent attorneys approached by Listen! Audio Productions Ltd. of Canada to sell the public on the beauty of a Chrysler warranty. Melvin Belli of San Francisco was also contacted. In a letter to Kuntzler's office, Paul Goulet of Listen! said that in dramatizing the straightforwardness of the Chrysler warranty, "the participation of Mr. Kuntzler [sic] in the campaign would be an effective approach." Enclosed was a sample script for a 60-second radio commercial in which the bad boy of the legal profession would presumably lure survivors of the counter-culture into the Chrysler showrooms:

KUNTZLER: Look, when it comes to cars, I'm no expert. But I'm a lawyer, so when it comes to warranties, I know what to look for . . .

ANNOUNCER: Chrysler figures you should expect full coverage for your new car, so our new car warranty protects you, not us. To prove it, we asked celebrated attorney William Kuntzler to check over our 1976 warranty for fine print. He didn't find any.

KUNTZLER: When Chrysler says "the first year's on us" they mean what they say—and unlike some warranties, there aren't any qualifications

about mileage either. Here's exactly what the warranty says . . .

ANNOUNCER: "For the first 12 months of use any Chrysler Corporation dealer will fix, without charge for parts or labor, any part of our 1976 passenger cars we supply (except tires) which proves defective in normal use. *Regardless of mileage.* The owner is responsible for normal maintenance such as changing filters and wiper blades."

KUNTZLER: Well, there's no fine print. Chrysler even includes some things that just wear out, like brakes and shocks. So when they say "the first year's on us" that's what I call a warranty . . .

ANNOUNCER: Chrysler's warranty protects you, not us . . . and that's The Clincher.

Kuntzler and his staff found the proposal "hilarious," and he wrote back that he was "gratified, as well as profoundly amazed, that left-wing people have apparently attained such a high degree of credibility with major American corporations . . . The vista this opens is staggering—'H. Rap Brown smokes Kools, Angela Davis uses Drisan, or Daniel Berrigan wears Supphose.' " Agreeing to appear in the commercial, Kuntzler only required one script change—that the announcer close by saying, "Now if we would just transfer the ownership of our corporation to the assembly line workers whose energies and efforts build our products, that would be the real clincher—don't you agree?"

Someone apparently disagreed, because the idea for endorsements by lawyers has been dropped. A spokesman for Young & Rubicam, the Chrysler advertising agency that had retained Listen!, says it was just one of several "concepts" that had been explored. It's probably just as well—because while the American Bar Association explicitly prohibits lawyers from advertising themselves, it is unclear about whether they can advertise for Detroit. —KEN KALFUS

The Whole Story

On April 7, a front-page story in *The Wall Street Journal* painted a gloomy financial portrait of the Arizona Public Service Company. The distressed utility promptly took out a ¾-page ad to provide the latest, more encouraging earnings per share figures not reported by the *Journal*. The headline on the ad submitted to the paper read, "If you can't trust *The Wall Street Journal*, who can you trust?" Managing editor Frederick Taylor said this heading was unacceptable for publication. On the utility's second try, Taylor okayed the heading that finally ran, which said, "We don't think *The Wall Street Journal* told the whole story." The small print said, "From the world's leading financial newspaper, we don't need that kind of help." When the same ad ran in *The New York Times*,

Arizona Public Service diplomatically changed that line to read, "From one of the world's leading financial newspapers . . ."



Bob Greene: nearly loses nose for news

Bite the Bullet

The night of April 6, *Newsday* senior editor Bob Greene was sitting at the bar of one of his favorite restaurants, Raneri's, where he goes most Tuesdays and Sundays and particularly enjoys the fettuccine Alfredo. With him were his wife Kathy and two other couples. They were waiting to be seated for dinner when, as Greene remembers it, "the first projectile suddenly came slamming through a window." Soon after, another one crashed through a second window, sailed 60 feet through the air and shattered a mirror in the back of the restaurant. "They're shooting at us!" the bartender yelled, and everyone dropped to the floor. Greene helped his wife and the other two women to safety. The bartender called the police, who responded immediately in force, as did the organized crime unit. Raneri's had been under close police watch for several months since owner Peter Raneri began receiving threats from the underworld.

Greene got to a phone and summoned Suffolk reporter Joe Demma from his nearby home. He also called the main office of *Newsday* in Garden City, Long Island, and said, "the cops are here and people are pouring shots into Raneri's restaurant. We're going to need space—about 1,200 words." Although it was primary night, says managing editor Lou Schwartz, space was shifted to give the story ample play.

The police who arrived had measured the trajectory of the second "projectile" and declared that the shots had been fired from either a .22 or an air rifle. Although no bullets were found, there was, says Demma, "an immediate assumption by police and everybody concerned that this had to be the latest development in a series of incidents." Demma's April 7 story was splashed across page three, under the headline "Mob Link to Shots in Smithtown." A picture of Raneri was featured with his comment, "You've got to say, 'To hell with the Mafia.'" Demma also interviewed the bystanders for his story. "It must have passed an inch in front of my nose," said Bob

Delivering A Sunday Punch

When *Times* publisher Arthur Ochs (Punch) Sulzberger decided recently that the time had definitely come to consolidate the management of the Sunday and daily editions, he asked two men to turn out memos on how best to do it. One was managing editor A. M. Rosenthal, the other was Sunday editor Max Frankel. By all accounts, Rosenthal's effort was superior, so last month the paper solemnly announced the unification, with Rosenthal in charge seven days a week.

Frankel, his Sunday job abolished, was tapped to succeed John Oakes as editorial-page editor beginning next year. Sulzberger didn't consult with the 63-year old Oakes, his cousin, but simply told him of the decision about two weeks before the announcement, asking him to retire 16 months early. This led to speculation that Sulzberger, with no room left at the managerial top for the ambitious Frankel, had to force open a suitable slot for him. "A curious way to choose the editor of what, in theory at least, is the most important editorial page in the country," suggested one dismayed *Times* official. Indeed, reports abounded that Frankel didn't even want the job but took it only as a consolation prize. He denies this.

Oakes had barely recovered from cousin Punch's first blow when the second landed late in April. Doubtless after consultation with Frankel, the publisher decreed that seven members of the editorial board, most of them old hands, were out: Robert Bendiner, Harry Schwartz, Herbert Mitgang, Robert Kleiman, Graham Hovey, Peter Grose and James Brown. All were offered jobs elsewhere on the paper, or early retirement. Actually the number was originally eight, but Fred Hechinger managed to climb into the lifeboat at the last minute—most likely because Oakes fought for him. Hechinger had been Oakes's choice as his successor.

Those in the boat when Hechinger clambered aboard were Roger Wilkins, Ada Louise Huxtable, William Shannon and Leonard Silk. All share one thing in common: they write well. They are also generally liberal, so critics of Frankel's conservatism have been disarmed, at least temporarily. —R.P.



Max Frankel: job by default?

THE BIG APPLE

Greene. "You can feel the pressure of the bullet go by."

Greene had felt that pressure when he was shot at on the Jersey waterfront in 1951. This time, however, his senses may have been dulled in anticipation of fettuccine Alfredo. Several days later, police arrested three teenagers, armed with a slingshot, in connection with the crime. Greene is quick to point out that it was a hunter slingshot, which some say has the projectile power of a bullet. Still, the entire staff is having what one editor called "a laugh and a half" at Greene's expense; and around the Suffolk office, which Greene heads, the two-time Pulitzer Prize winner and nationally known investigative reporter is known these days as "Bullet Bob."

In fairness to Greene, there was legitimate reason to think the restaurant was under fire, if not exactly mob attack. About eight months ago, Raneri contracted with Suffolk developer Ronald Paar to build a new restaurant nearby. Several years ago Paar had blocked attempts by organized crime to infiltrate Suffolk Meadows racetrack. After the two struck a bargain, Raneri received a threatening telephone call. The first person he told was Bob Greene, who, along with a number of *Newsday* staffers, frequented the restaurant. Greene put Raneri in touch with the Suffolk County police department, which began to monitor his calls.

At that point, *Newsday* had not written anything about mob attempts to intimidate Raneri and boycott Paar. But when Raneri's car was smashed outside the restaurant—the kind of action, as opposed to words, that inspires copy—Greene agreed to requests from both Raneri and police to hold off on a story because police "felt they were close to nailing the people." Greene calls this "standard procedure in responsible newspapers where your information comes from the victim, and the victim and police ask you to cooperate." The cooperation continued through more threats and suspicious incidents. *Newsday* finally drew the line on April 6.

On that night, Greene says the organized crime unit asked him not to run the story, and "Peter Raneri cried in my arms." But he went ahead with it because "innocent people are coming in here."

When police caught the teenagers, the *New York Daily News* was first with the story the morning of April 11. *Newsday*, an afternoon paper, demoted the story to page 17, albeit with a five column headline, "No Mob Link to Restaurant Incident." The youths, who were once dishwashers at the restaurant, had been hunted down by the entire organized crime unit of Suffolk County. "They picked the wrong place at the wrong time," observed Demma.

Newsday tried to wipe some egg off its face with an editorial called "Responding to the Mob's Challenge." The editorial recounted Raneri's history of harassment and

dismissed the "shootout" by saying that its outcome "does not diminish the seriousness of the earlier incidents, which police still believe are linked to organized crime."

Raneri says he has been "hurt" by all the publicity, which included the arrival of various television crews and WCBS-TV crime reporter Chris Borgen at his door. Since the original story, he claims business has fallen off by about 50 per cent. "I'm hoping people will forget," he says.

—C.C.

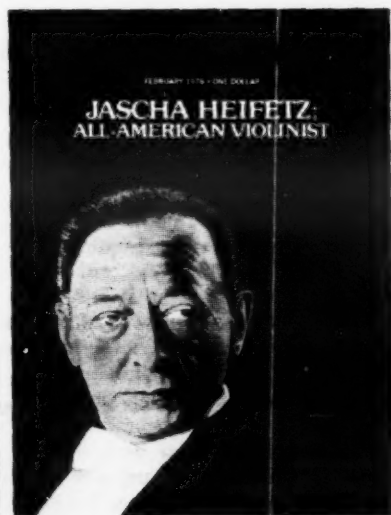
The Final Word

"We will not be handling *The Final Days*," said the sign in the Dial Book Store in New York's Greenwich Village. Owner Fred Smolin says he decided not to stock the book after reading excerpts from the new Woodward-Bernstein best seller in *Newsweek*. "It's a matter of principle," says Smolin, who thinks the book is "all hearsay," and "sensationalism." Dial is mostly an academic book store catering to the course needs of New York University, so it isn't taking quite the kind of loss that a large commercial bookstore would by not carrying the book. Smolin says that at first some customers were upset at not finding the books, but that after a few weeks opinion was running about "10 to one" in favor of his stand.

Nolo Performance

When *Stereo Review* held its annual awards banquet at the St. Regis Hotel in New York, Jascha Heifetz, the artist of the year, not only failed to show but indicated what could be done with the prize. *Stereo Review* editor Warren Anderson claimed to be shocked and says that if he had known, Heifetz never would have appeared on the cover of the February issue, which was timed to coincide with the banquet.

But *Stereo Review* not only knew Heifetz was unlikely to accept, it employed a few tricks to increase the chances of his being unable to refuse. Since the temperamental artist had already declined last November to cooperate with the cover story, the plan was simply not to tell him about



Heifetz made the cover, missed the ceremony.

the award until the last minute. Instead, *Stereo Review*, arranged to have sometime Heifetz pupil Eugene Fodor accept on the master's behalf. According to RCA producer John Pfeiffer, Heifetz didn't find out about anything until three days before the ceremony, when a letter from *Stereo Review* reached him in California. The letter asked if Fodor could accept or would Heifetz prefer someone else? The word came back quickly: Heifetz would not accept, he did not want Fodor to accept and no one else should accept on his behalf.

But there is an unwritten law of award-giving which holds that when

one is given somebody is bound to accept. Accordingly, Thomas Shepard, Pfeiffer's boss at RCA, turned up at the St. Regis to say that Heifetz had suggested that *Stereo Review* could "give the award to the Indians." On cue, Jamake Highwater, American Indian and *Stereo Review* contributor, rose to accept. There were gales of laughter from the audience. *Stereo Review* also bestowed another title on Heifetz that night by adding his name to a list of "some famous party poopers," including George C. Scott, Marlon Brando and Thomas Pynchon.

—MICHAEL RODDY



Truman Capote (left) with whom no secret is safe, agreed to tell all in a *Playgirl* interview. He told too much for the tastes of Gore Vidal.



The Very Low-Down

Truman Capote, fresh from mosquito-infested Cozumel, agreed last summer to give *Playgirl* interviewer Richard Zoerink the low-down on "his crowd": Lee Radziwill, Jackie Onassis, Marilyn Monroe and Gore Vidal. The reason Vidal resents the Kenendy family; Capote told Zoerink, is that Vidal had gotten drunk the first time he was invited to the White House. He had insulted Jackie Kennedy's mother and was summarily thrown out onto Pennsylvania Avenue by Bobby Kennedy, Arthur Schlesinger and a White House guard.

Zoerink included the story in an "Outrageous Interview with Truman Capote" in the September 1975 *Playgirl*. The alleged drunken escapade was highlighted on the cover: *Gore Vidal . . . 'Bobby threw him out of the White House.'* Now Vidal has filed a \$1 million libel suit against Capote, Zoerink and *Playgirl*. Court papers singled out as particularly libelous the cover lines and three paragraphs in the article which describe the White House incident.

Vidal, of course, is no stranger to such litigation. In 1969, William F. Buckley sued him for \$500,000 because Vidal had called Buckley a "pro-crypto Nazi," among other things, in an *Esquire* article and on a televised debate during the 1968 Democratic national convention. Vidal countered with four claims against Buckley for labeling Vidal, who had recently published *Myra Breckinridge*, a "pornographer" and a writer of "perverted prose." The court threw out Vidal's claims in May 1971, and Buckley dropped his charges against the author in September 1972. *Esquire*, which Buckley had sued for \$1 million, agreed to pay \$115,000 for Buckley's legal fees and printed a statement disavowing the most extreme comments in the Vidal article.

In the Capote case, *Playgirl* and Zoerink have charged Vidal with "malicious prosecution because of his dislike for Capote," according to Eric Chung, the magazine's lawyer. Accordingly, *Playgirl* has filed a counter suit, demanding \$2 million in compensatory and punitive damages. Alan Schwartz, Capote's lawyer, said Capote hasn't filed a counter claim because he believes that libel suits such as this one have "a chilling effect on freedom of the press."

Everyone seems eager to settle the dispute—except Vidal. The expatriate Roman was recently in the United States to promote his new novel, *1876*. His tour included an appearance on the Academy Awards program, but he didn't keep an appointment with lawyers to file a deposition in the case. His attorneys say Vidal will return to this country in July.

—AMANDA HARRIS

FINE TUNING

To Russia With Money

BY DAVID M. RUBIN

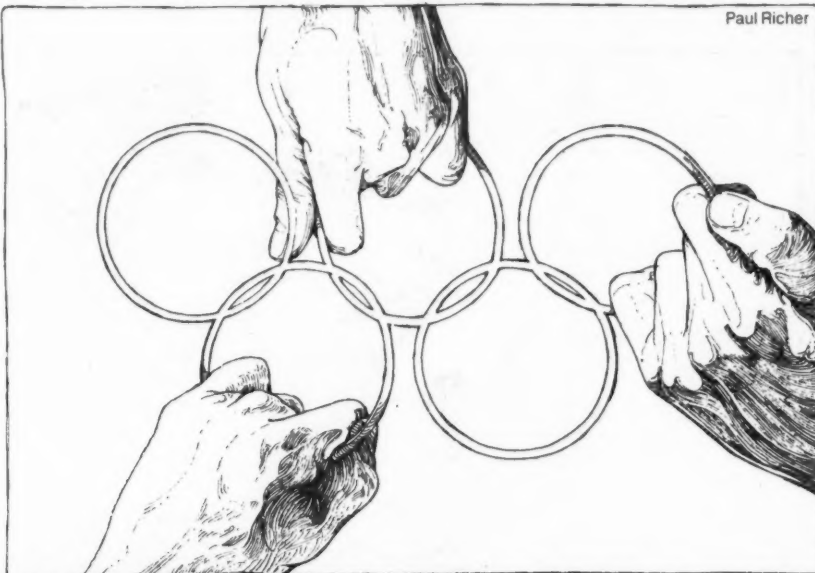
The most intriguing man in television sports these days is not Pete Rozelle or Jimmy Connors or even Howard Cosell. Nor is it Roone Arledge, Cosell's boss at ABC, or any of the other sports programmers at the networks. It is not even an American. It is, instead, a young Lithuanian named Henrikas Juskevitchus, who serves the Soviet government as a deputy official on the USSR State Committee on radio and television. A handful of American network executives know Juskevitchus, and all would like to know him better. When he visits Montreal this summer for the Olympic games, it is a sure bet he won't have to pick up many tabs.

Juskevitchus, who is also an important broadcast executive in the Soviet Union, will play a pivotal role this summer in one of the most bitterly contested and costly programming decisions in television history. He will recommend to superiors, perhaps including Leonid Brezhnev himself, which of the three American networks should be permitted to buy the exclusive broadcast rights to the 1980 Olympic games in Moscow. The cost of the rights could be \$50 million or more, an unprecedented sum. Such a figure is about twice the price of this summer's Montreal games and four times the cost of the 1972 Munich games. This socialist ransom does not even include the cost of the equipment, manpower, satellite, hotel, food and transportation necessary to put the games on the air in the United States. That is all extra. (The Montreal games, for example, will cost ABC "far in excess" of the \$25 million which bought just the broadcast rights, according to Jim Spence, vice president in charge of program planning for ABC Sports.) Despite the costs, all three networks are stalking the Moscow Olympics. Feverishly.

Their competition has made Juskevitchus the object of a cross-cultural love affair. Juskevitchus has been the most visible representative of the State Committee on Radio and Television, reporting to its chairman, Sergei Lapin, former Soviet ambassador to China. Juskevitchus is an energetic, open man in his early forties who looks 10 years younger. He speaks English fluently. Tall for a Russian at six-foot-two, he has adopted a western manner and appearance, including a fashionable cut for his brownish hair.

Delegations from each of the networks have visited Moscow at least three times in recent months to rub elbows, drink vodka, and otherwise play the corporate game with members of the state committee. In early April, they all convened in Moscow with broadcasters from around the world for a technical session in which the Soviets

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Paul Richer

When Mary Tyler Moore brings us the Bolshoi Ballet from Moscow next month, it will mark the latest step in the networks' frantic dance to land the 1980 summer Olympics.

outlined the dimensions of the service they will provide as the host country. Such information will help the networks determine what additional equipment and facilities are necessary, so that they can prepare their bids for the broadcast rights. Juskevitchus chaired this session.

As the networks struggle for position, no possible advantage, however slight, is being overlooked. On Sunday, June 27, for example, CBS will throw high culture and Mary Tyler Moore into the fray. That evening the network will air a two-hour special featuring the Bolshoi Ballet dancing Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet*. Taped in Moscow last January, the show will help celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Bolshoi Theater. Moore will be the hostess.

CBS is sending a sign of friendship to the Soviets, and the Soviets are signaling that CBS' Olympic bid will be taken seriously. (CBS News and the Soviets had a falling out a few years ago when the CBS Moscow correspondent, William Cole, was kicked out of the country for interviewing dissidents. CBS was not allowed to send a replacement for 20 months.) The disastrous ratings the Bolshoi special should capture ought to convince the Soviets of CBS's sincerity.

A delegation of 8 to 10 CBS people traveled to Moscow for the taping, hoping to improve the overall relationship of the network and the Soviet Union. Heading the group was CBS President Arthur Taylor, who met Juskevitchus during his short stay in Moscow. Robert Wussler, then in charge of sports programming at CBS and now president of the TV network, arrived fresh from the Super Bowl. Oscar Katz, who is in charge of specials at CBS, was on hand to shepherd the Bolshoi special to conclusion. For-

tuitously, he sat next to Vladimir Koval, a member of the Olympic organizing committee, in a box at the Bolshoi the night of the taping.

CBS is hardly alone in this sort of politicking. Thomas Whiteside revealed in *The New York Times* (Nov. 23, 1975) that ABC sent a crew from its morning show "A.M. America" (now "Good Morning, America") to the Soviet Union to tape 10 hours of programming that appeared on October 27-31, 1975. ABC anchorman Bill Beutel acted as host and chief interviewer for the project, which originated from Moscow. The programs amounted to little more than a sanitized travelogue, or what Whiteside called "10 hours of Intourist boilerplate." ABC needed Soviet permission for every camera set-up, and the Soviets were permitted to pre-screen the programs and eliminate content they found objectionable. All subjects that reflected negatively on the Soviet Union were avoided. The programs were the first product of an "accord" signed by ABC and Juskevitchus' state committee in 1974 to promote a fuller understanding between the two countries.

All three networks have also broadcast in past months contests involving Soviet and American basketball, boxing, and track and field squads, in order to show the Soviets their mastery of the instant replay and other video sports wizardry.

Each network has its own reasons for wanting to thrust \$50 million on the Soviet government. For ABC, winning the Moscow rights will be the *coup de grace* in its stunning domination of Olympic telecasts. Since 1964, ABC has broadcast every Olympics, except the winter games in Sapporo in 1972 and the 1964 summer games in Tokyo. NBC carried both of those. CBS has not broadcast the Olympics since 1960

(another technological era) when it carried the winter games from Squaw Valley and taped highlights of the summer games from Rome. If the Olympics are really scaled down after 1980, as many predict, this will be the last chance for ABC's competitors to capture some of the glory.

Neither NBC nor CBS is willing to yield continuing supremacy in sports programming to ABC through 1980. The Olympic connection has undoubtedly given ABC its image as the dominant sports network; indeed, for most of its history, sports has been about the only area of leadership ABC has claimed. CBS wants the Moscow games to correct the impression given earlier this year that it is withdrawing from major sports coverage, an impression created when CBS dropped out of the bidding for the Preakness. According to Clarence Cross, Wussler's interim replacement in the sports department, CBS has not thrown in the towel on all sports events, but it has decided not to bid on such "lesser" events as the Preakness. The network will instead concentrate on capturing certain events "on which, because of their prestige, CBS is prepared to lose money." Cross named the Super Bowl, Rose Bowl, the Masters and U.S. Open golf tournaments, the Kentucky Derby, and, of course, the Olympics.

Ratings for Olympic telecasts are also becoming more attractive. For 62 3/4 hours of programming from Munich in 1972, ABC captured a stunning 45 per cent of the viewing audience. Some 43 1/2 hours of winter Olympics from Innsbruck this year averaged a 35 share. Montreal and Moscow should produce even bigger numbers.

Finally both CBS and NBC bring to the Moscow bidding a deep reservoir of bitterness toward ABC for the supposedly unsportsmanlike way in which it captured the Montreal and Lake Placid rights. (Lake Placid is the site of the 1980 winter games.) In both instances ABC sewed up the rights before its competitors even had a chance to offer bids. In the case of Montreal, stories have circulated since 1972 that bribes to certain Canadian officials were part of the \$25 million package. The Canadian government at one time planned an investigation into the charges, but it was not undertaken. The charges have never been proven, and ABC's Spence says they are "totally false, erroneous, and absurd. We would have been out of our minds to do anything like they're suggesting." Spence maintains that ABC snatched the prize because the Montreal organizing committee was impressed with the quality of ABC's work at Munich and freely chose to negotiate an agreement with ABC.

Much the same thing seems to have happened with the Lake Placid rights. Throughout last summer and fall, ABC coddled members of the organizing committee, often visiting the site, talking shop, and keeping visible. Some members of the committee went to Innsbruck where ABC dazzled them with its facilities and studios especially con-

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FURTHERMORE

Alarm Is The Order Of The Day

BY WALTER B. WRISTON

The media, supported by some academic "liberals," would have us believe that things are not just going badly, they are growing progressively and rapidly worse. The dominant theme these days is the new American way of failure. No one wins, we always lose. Jack Armstrong and Tom Swift are dead. If an individual says anything that sounds important, it is either ignored or nit-picked to death by commentators. Logical argument has given way to sniping. We no longer have great debates. The accusatory has replaced the explanatory. Let one scientist resign and say that nuclear power is a lethal accident waiting to happen and he is awarded the front page with pictures. He has unlimited interviews on television. The massive achievement of hundreds and hundreds of scientists, and the comfort of millions of citizens who enjoy the products of nuclear power, go for nothing.

Two or three years ago, the focus of the media was upon those who proclaimed that the task of recycling the avalanche of oil dollars funneled into the coffers of the Arabian oil exporters was not only impossible, but was certain to disrupt the world's monetary structure. Alarm was the order of the day. Those of us who said the free market could handle it were ignored. What has become of that uproar? Scarcely an echo remains. The heralded catastrophe did not occur—so there is said to be no news to print. There is no song of triumph that the free markets functioned. Success brings only silence.

The Concorde is the current bugaboo. Lost in the shuffle is the fact we have hundreds of supersonic military airplanes that break the sound barrier many times daily, making an estimated 40,000 supersonic flights a year. We are used to these. They are not news. When, however, after long consideration, a responsible official approves a minimum number of passenger supersonic flights subject to scientific and economic analyses, one would think from the uproar that we were precipitating nothing less than disaster.

It is this technique of incessantly accenting the negative that erodes optimism, one of the cornerstones of democracy. To function at all, a free society must be supported by the firm faith that man is capable of fashioning ways of life that time will prove better than his earlier efforts. In a free nation, the perspective must be longer than one life or the current problems. Endless harping upon the shortcomings of our society and on the powerlessness of the individual not only undermines morale at home, it is a needless diminution of our world prestige. An editorial in the

Walter B. Wriston is chairman of Citibank. His article is adapted from remarks made recently to a management conference at the University of Chicago Graduate School of Business.

Victor Juhasz



'The Media's dominant theme these days is the American way of failure. If an individual says anything that sounds important, it is either ignored or nit-picked to death by commentators.'

London Telegraph put it succinctly: "It's time America's friends spoke out with some nasty questions to . . . the press, sections of Congress, television commentators, comedians, university pundits and a lot of other people who think there is a dollar to be made out of denigrating their country's institutions and leaders."

Since the scandals of Watergate, the news business has been demanding total disclosure from our leaders. No one should or would want to denigrate the important part the press played in revealing that mess. However, the illusion has now been created that a cloud of secrecy has been thrown over every act of government to hide dark motives. But not all secrets are evil. The framing of sensible policies requires candid speech, because only in this way can leaders fully explore various alternatives. Confidentiality is often essential to candor. Else nothing is achieved while rival factions seek media support before a decision is reached.

The framing of our own Constitution illustrates the point. Not only was the press barred entirely from all the meetings, but each delegate had to pledge to preserve the confidentiality of the discussion. Without obedience to that fundamental rule, the great compromises that lie at the heart of its success could never have been achieved. Once agreement was reached, public disclosure of the result and debate properly followed.

There is an old saying that no man can be a hero to his valet since the valet's duties allow him to see his employer at his most undignified. The news business now seeks the intimacy of the valet. The media peer at us from all angles and at all hours of the day and night; they love to record all our human

frailties. This trend toward the total destruction of privacy reached its fictional apex in George Orwell's *1984*. In that grim forecast, all society was monitored by a "telescreen" that transmitted every sight and sound. You had to live, said Orwell, "in the assumption that every sound you made was overheard, and, except in darkness, every move was scrutinized."

Justice Brandeis might have been thinking about that possibility when, with remarkable foresight, he defended the right to privacy in 1890. He foresaw "instantaneous photographs and mechanical devices" invading the "sacred precincts of private and domestic life." He also predicted the day when "personal gossip attains the dignity of print, and crowds the space available to matters of real interest." He reverted to the same theme in the *Olmsted Case* where he spoke of the "right to be let alone" as "the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized man."

Few leaders in history have been as savaged by the press as Abraham Lincoln; yet he framed the great issues of the day in a way that vindicated the Union. So limited were the media of his day that their personal attacks still left him areas of privacy which today's news business would no longer permit. That raises a substantive question: Are we making ourselves ungovernable by total exposure of all human frailties, exacerbated by constant repetition of things which often turn out to be fundamentally irrelevant to the conduct of leadership?

In the unlikely event that Lincoln could have gotten himself elected to the Presidency in today's journalistic atmosphere, the front-page treatment of the leak from the Oval Office would

have driven him from office. The lead for this "investigative report" would recall how Lincoln failed to show up for his own wedding when the ceremony was first scheduled; that revelation could then furnish the subject of an hour-long special with Dr. Joyce Brothers. Such a bizarre lapse of memory, combined with his behavior upon the death of Ann Rutledge, would supply more ammunition than was used to dump Senator Eagleton from the Democratic ticket in 1972.

Today's demands of the news business for a full medical report on the health of the President would have revealed that just ten days after his second inauguration, Lincoln was so exhausted that he presided over his cabinet meeting from his bed. In addition to his physical problems, Lincoln had political problems with most of his cabinet. His Secretary of State, in the words of one diarist, "was intensely anxious to control and direct the War and Navy movements, although he had neither the knowledge nor aptitude that was essential for either."

Eventually, an enterprising reporter would have revealed the awful truth that the President was a politician and interested in staying in office, even at the risk of offending what some believed to be the priorities of the day. Never was this more clearly illustrated than in the first meeting between the President and Charles Francis Adams, himself the grandson of a President. Brought to the White House by Secretary of State Seward, and expecting to get instructions regarding his appointment to be Minister to the Court of St. James, Adams thought that the President appeared disheveled in dress and distracted in manner. Lincoln offered his new minister no advice at all on foreign policy, but after greeting him briefly turned immediately to consult Seward about a post office appointment in Chicago. All of these details are true. But they had little to do with the quality of Lincoln's leadership in saving our Union.

Many of Lincoln's problems were reported and magnified by a hostile press, but in those days the news business was not the monolith it is today. There were hotly partisan papers, and lots of them. Today the media, which monitor life in America around the clock, insist that they are neither liberal nor conservative, yet there tends to be a marked sameness in their views. Columnist Tom Wicker called attention briefly to a profound truth: "The press inevitably reflects in its attitudes and broadcasts the perceptions of the people who write and produce them. Their perceptions tend to be remarkably similar, since these men and women influence each other as well as the public."

We have moved a long way from our traditional values when a leak, however inconsequential its nature, will command far greater attention in the media than voluntary disclosure of all facts on a vital issue. It would now appear that leaked information, even when the transmittal of such material is in clear

violation of the law, is now printed or put on the air unhindered by any rule of law or ethics. While leaks are nothing new, the reception accorded them by the media is far different today than in times past. When Senator Benjamin Tappan of Ohio gave a copy of the still secret treaty for annexing Texas to the *New York Evening Post* in 1844, the *Post* then, as it would now, printed it. An uproar ensued; Tappan admitted his part in it, and was thereupon censured by the Senate. This is a far cry from the leaking of the names of American intelligence officers with no effective censure by anyone.

In addition to a change in values, there is another vital shift in our society. An effective right of reply has always been a characteristic of a free society. As a practical matter, only an employee of the news business itself has the unlimited power of effective response. Recently, when Walter Cronkite and John Chancellor were accused of having at one time been CIA agents, they had all the time they needed to deny it on their own shows in prime time, and their colleagues saw to it that the story died. Others of us would not have had that advantage, and might, like some victims of Senator Joseph McCarthy, chase a lie for 20 years. It is the power to pick page 1 or page 29, or no page at all, that really matters.

Most businesses, other than the news business, are accountable for their actions to some federal bureaucracy or court. If a mouthwash claims to prevent colds but is found not to do so, then a ruling with the force of law will require each new advertisement to carry a disclaimer. We have no pure news laws; and no bureaucracy, indeed no judge, can require a network or a newspaper to retract a misleading story in specified type size for a specified number of days. No one would suggest such a law, nor

should they. But in an age when corporate directors are properly being held accountable for management's transgressions of laws or values, directors of companies in the news business are often told flat out they cannot influence editorial policy. This caveat obtains even if directors perceive these policies are not in the public interest.

The recital of these facts is not in any way an attack on the First Amendment. Quite the contrary, I believe very strongly that a free press is absolutely essential to our liberty. Yet freedom itself can turn into license, and that is why accountability is required by society. Power without accountability is an invitation to trouble. When any sector of our society grows too powerful it is only a matter of time before that power is curbed. Usually the sector affected, be it business or labor or the police or the press, fails to appreciate why society is reacting as it is to what they perceive to be right and just. The news business, which makes its money criticizing others, reacts to criticism the same way you and I do. Former Senator Fulbright recently wrote that not all people who suggest the news business could be improved are Fascists, even though editors go "into transports of outraged excitement, bleeding like hemophiliacs" from the pin pricks of their critics.

Like other sectors of our society whose power has become very great, some in the news business seem to believe that the end justifies the means. The "truth" must be revealed, no matter how obtained or how irrelevant, or how, in the judgment of legal authority, adverse to the public interest. A dedication to the truth is a noble objective. However, some truths are more significant than others, some have no significance. Some for the protection of privacy, some for reasons of state, should not be told at all.

If we are to preserve the First Amendment—a guarantee of freedom not only unique in political history, but also precious to our democracy—the media should reflect that the effective functioning of a democracy requires the most difficult of all disciplines, self-discipline. The freedom of us all rides with the freedom of the press, but its continued freedom and ours will depend in the end upon the media not exploiting to the fullest their unlimited power.

In a world in which one government after another gives up democracy, all of us must justify our freedom by the use we make of it every day. When freedom is abused until it becomes license then all liberty is put in jeopardy. History suggests that often liberty is curbed because we assert that any diminution of a raw assertion to freedom is too high a price to pay to preserve its substance. On our Bicentennial it should not be too much to hope that men and women of good will can learn to exercise the self-discipline required to discard license in time to preserve liberty. ■

Fine Tuning

(continued from page 26)

structed for the games, and won them over with the quality of the network's coverage. An agreement (subject to the approval of the International Olympic Committee) was signed right in Innsbruck, before CBS and NBC knew what was going on. When they woke up, CBS fired off a telegram to the IOC charging "unfair and discriminatory tactics" by ABC and the Lake Placid committee. NBC sports director Carl Lindemann, Jr., says he is prepared "right now" to pay more for the rights than did ABC. CBS argues that since Lake Placid will be seeking some public

monies to help mount the games, they should be required to open negotiations and bargain for as much as they can get from a network to help reduce the amount of tax money they will require.

Ronald M. MacKenzie, president of the Olympic Organizing Committee and the retired postmaster of Lake Placid, is not interested in new bids. He says NBC and CBS showed little interest last summer and fall when he was pressing them to examine the site. He also believes they were scared away by the special costs of assuming the role of host broadcasting system for the games. This was a requirement because the games will be held on American soil and the U.S. has no government network to fill that role. Spence confirms that ABC's responsibility as "coordinating broadcaster" (which is what the contract reads) will require ABC to provide a basic video feed to the rest of the world, and that this will cost additional sums of money, which ABC is prepared to pay. "It will be a real travesty if negotiations are reopened," says McKenzie. "The other two didn't take advantage of the opportunity when they had it." The IOC's decision should be reached in another month or so.

Regardless of ABC's conduct in Montreal and Lake Placid, NBC and CBS are convinced that a more formal procedure will be followed in Moscow, with each network getting a fair shot. They have confidence that Juskevitchus, as the representative of a government, will not shut them out, as did local organizing committees which did not represent governments. "The Soviets are attempting to do this right," one executive says. Another executive, however, is just as convinced that in the end all the waltzing with Juskevitchus will count for nothing. The Soviets, he predicts, will decide to get as much money as they can from the Americans by locking each network in a separate Moscow hotel and conducting an old-fashioned auction, with the rights going to the highest bidder. In that case even a \$55 million selling price might not be unthinkable. That would be \$5 million more than was paid for the rights to nearly 2,000 major league baseball games in 1976, on both radio and television—including the playoffs and the World Series. It would also mean that an American network would be paying from two-thirds to three-quarters of all the money spent on world-wide broadcasting rights to the games.

To recoup that kind of money, the winning network might have to preempt most of its other programming for the duration of the games. The state of the economy in 1980, the ratings of the Montreal games, and the strength of the rest of the network's lineup at that time will also dictate whether it is possible to make a profit. ABC reportedly lost \$2.5 million to \$3 million on the Munich games.

The only things certain about the outcome in Moscow are that the final decision will be made shortly after the Montreal games; that ABC will be a serious candidate until the end; and that the Russians will make a shrewd deal. It is also likely that Juskevitchus will return to his own broadcasting career relieved that he doesn't have to function under the insane pressures of a private, competitive, commercial television system. ■

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LETTERS

(continued from page 3)

Carter had, in fact, never directly sought the advice of either man. We have also said that his position on the abortion issue has not been as clear as the public has a right to expect from a presidential candidate. At the same time we have not hesitated to give credit where credit seemed due. Nor have we hesitated to attack Carter's critics when their criticisms were outlandish or highly questionable. Which is to say our reporting of Carter has been the same we would accord any political personality who had achieved equal prominence.

Fleetwood's article was not simply wrong in its basic thrust. It also included many specific errors, which ought to be corrected: The article states that J.H. Breslow, who did the cover portrait for a 1971 *Times* cover story on Carter, was instructed to make Carter look like Kennedy. Technically, this is correct. Louis Glessman, who was *Time's* art director at the time, did tell Breslow to make Carter look like Kennedy, but the statement was made casually, along with other statements, to encourage Breslow to depict Carter as a fresh personality—which, of course, is exactly what he represented at the time. It's the kind of conversation that passes between an art director and an artist quite frequently. Breslow certainly did not take Glessman's remark literally. Nor did Glessman mean his words literally. It was as if someone had said, "Make her look sexy; make her look like Marilyn Monroe." No more, no less.

Statements about the ad *Time* ran promoting *Time's* political coverage suggest that the ad was intended to be a backdoor form of political support for Carter. In fact, the ad was one of four conceived to promote *Time's* editorial vitality; the others being ads on our foreign reporting, our coverage of the judicial system and our theater criticism. Fleetwood neglects to quote that portion of the advertising copy that makes it quite clear that the ad was an ad for *Time Magazine*, and not for Jimmy Carter. The unquoted portion reads in part:

The series Candidates '76 demonstrates a basic habit of mind at *TIME*: that you understand the news better when you understand the people who make the news. You know what *TIME* does. And reading it every week reminds you how well.

Lines hardly intended to promote Carter's candidacy.

Fleetwood attacks a Press story *Time* did on an article *Harper's* magazine carried in regard to Carter. The article, by Stephen Brill, included several assertions about Carter that our reporting indicated were inaccurate. For example, the *Harper's* article charged that in his 1970 campaign for governor, Carter made a TV spot that impugned his opponent's financial integrity. On inspecting the matter, our reporters were never able to turn up any evidence that any such TV ad had been made. The article also asserted that a TV commercial had been made suggesting that Carl Sanders, Carter's main opponent, was a Humphrey Democrat. Once again re-

porting made clear that no such commercial was ever made.

Nonetheless, Fleetwood praises the *Harper's* article quite warmly, while criticizing *Time's* press story for attacking the *Harper's* article. Fleetwood states: "Brill's piece was a careful, solid piece of reporting." Later Stanley Cloud of *Time's* Washington Bureau asked Fleetwood how he knew Brill's piece was "a careful solid piece of reporting," and Fleetwood replied, "Well, I read it."

Reading it is surely not enough for a serious journalist. The fact is that the Brill piece had some serious flaws to it, as our Press story made clear.

Fleetwood also states that Ted Thai was sent to Brill's apartment to take a picture of him "smoking a cigar" and "looking mean." That's just not so. When Thai left to take a picture of Brill, he didn't even know why *Time* was doing a story on him, and his only instructions were to take a picture of Brill. Moreover, the picture *Time* ran of Brill, which showed him holding a telephone to his ear, certainly cannot be described as unflattering.

Fleetwood's article also erroneously states that Cloud was assigned to write an article on Brill by *Time's* Managing Editor Henry Grunwald. This is a minor matter but symbolic of the sloppy reporting that ran through Fleetwood's entire article. Cloud had no conversations whatsoever with Grunwald that week. He was not assigned to write the article either. Cloud was one of four reporters who filed for a story on the *Harper's* article. His material, along with material filed by others, was then meshed into a story for our Press section by Neil Gluckin, a *Time* staff writer.

Finally, Fleetwood quotes an unnamed *Time* staff member as saying Grunwald told him at a cocktail party that he personally favors Carter. Grunwald does not at this time personally favor anyone. In light of the other reporting in Fleetwood's article, one may be permitted to be a bit skeptical about whether an anonymous *Time* staffer ever did say any such thing to Fleetwood or anyone else. In any case, the statement—like much of Fleetwood's article—is patently untrue.

—Marvin Zim
Public Affairs Manager
Time
New York, N.Y.

Editor's reply: As the letter preceding Marvin Zim's indicates, we were hardly alone in regarding *Time* as "solidly in [Carter's] corner." Nevertheless, we are happy to record Zim's assertion that no conspiracy exists at the magazine to get him elected. As for Blake Fleetwood's "many specific errors," that is another matter. Zim admonishes us to correct those mistakes, but in the very next sentence concedes that we were "technically . . . correct" in reporting that an effort was made to make Carter look like Kennedy for a 1971 cover portrait. And if artist Breslow didn't take art director Glessman literally, then why did the cover come out Kennedyesque?

Further on, Zim says we wrote that *Time* photographer Thai "was sent" to Brill's home specifically to get shots of him looking mean. In fact, the sentence in question reads: "Photographer Ted Thai, who was sent over to Brill's home . . . told Brill [our italics] he had been instructed" to get such a picture. That indeed is what Thai told Brill. If the remark was not to be taken seriously, like the exchange between Breslow and Glessman, then we are reassured—sort of. As for *Time's* Carter advertisement, of course it was a promotional ad for the magazine. Our point was that its heavy use, coupled with the decidedly favorable coverage Carter got in the pages of *Time*, was distinctly suspicious. Zim may be right in charging us with too much uncritical enthusiasm for Brill's reporting in *Harper's*, but that hardly explains the eleventh-hour zeal with which *Time* went after the "hit man." Whatever the shortcomings of Fleetwood's article, it was hardly "a classical case of facile writing . . . replete with unproven and unprovable innuendoes."

Le Monde

I read Jonathan Randal's article on *Le Monde* ["I Think, Therefore I Am"—March 1976] twice before I could make out the basis of his charge that it is "intellectually crooked." It must have been because of the *Le Monde* piece which called the U.S.A. a "civilization without a culture" (incidentally a pretty stale epithet). Poor Randal didn't know whether that statement was "investigative fact" or "unsupported allegation" because *Le Monde* doesn't have an op-ed page.

Randal needs to come home again and start a daily reading of his own paper. If *Le Monde* is to be usefully analyzed it will first have to be accepted for what it is, and not for what it has no wish to be, another *Washington Post*.

"Intellectually crooked?"—Bah, humbug.

—Winston McNamara
Springfield, Va.

That [MORE] should cast a critical eye on influential newspapers outside the U.S., I find excellent. But J.C. Randal's drubbing of *Le Monde* in the March issue, I find disturbing. For the following reasons:

First, it coincides with the publication in France of *Le Monde, tel qu'il est*, a philippic by a right-wing, ex-staffer. And, strangely, *Newsweek* gave that non-remarkable book a two-and-a-half column non-critical review on April 4. Since its early days, *Le Monde* has been the butt of extreme-left verbal aggression, but the worst attacks, political and financial, have always come from the right. Now that some in France and abroad fear that the French "Union of the Left" might soon be voted into power, it seems as if *Le Monde* is again the target of orchestrated denunciation. Now, *Le Monde's* sympathies for the Socialist Party are clear, but its news stories are at least as reliable as those of other

quality dailies and its pages are wide open to extremely diversified opinion columns. Is it wrong for *Le Monde* to stand left of center, and right for *Le Figaro*, *The [London] Daily Telegraph*, *Die Welt* or *The Los Angeles Times* to be unmistakably conservative?

Second, Randal, contrary to what he affirms, seems to be an irregular reader of *Le Monde*. This shows in outdated clichés about its fustiness (*Le Monde* does publish at least one cartoon daily, and at one time even had a comic strip), and blatant contradictions: how can one reconcile that the paper has shown only "minor differences of opinion [with] the governments of the Gaullist Fifth Republic" and that "*Le Monde's* job is to help prepare the way for the Left to come to power?" These contradictions, however, may be part of my next point.

Third, too many of Randal's strictures express the bias of an anti-socialist American rather than unprejudiced media criticism. A few examples. Is not "*Le Monde's* willingness to suppress news reflecting badly on France" but a sorry parallel to such U.S. press attitudes as the silence of *The New York Times* on the U2 Affair and the Bay of Pigs preparations? As for the fact that "the U.S. remains fair game for *Le Monde* [while] the same cannot be said for the Soviet Union or the French Communist Party," Randal should take the opinion of *L'Humanité*, for *Le Monde* has had more clashes with that communist daily than with any other publication. Lastly, to say that *Le Monde* is unreadable merely reflects on Randal's knowledge of French: whoever has waded through the dull, meandering, repetitive prose of most U.S. dailies, enjoys the elegant terseness of the French paper.

Fourth, comes the general impression given by an article in which too much is omitted, understated or blurred. *Le Monde* is alone among the top ten dailies in the world to be owned by its staff. It is the only quality paper in France to have experienced almost uninterrupted growth since World War II. It is now the paper with the largest readership among the young and the college-educated. So, when Randal writes that it is "one of the most intellectually crooked of major Western publications," he implies that for over 30 years the French elite and some of the best French journalists have been but a pack of morons manipulated by two master propagandists, the successive *directeurs* of *Le Monde*. Whether this is the result of his "investigative reporting" or his "thinking," it is worse than anything I have ever read in *Le Monde* concerning the U.S. mass media or the U.S. population.

This being said, *Le Monde* and the rest of the French press are in dire need of regular thrashing by a journalism review.

—Claude-Jean Bertran
Université De Drioi
d'Economie De Sciences
Sociales De Paris
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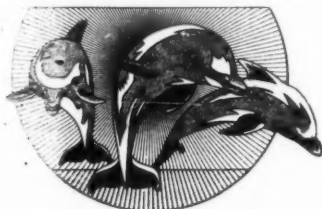
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